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CHOICE SELECTIONS OF POETRY FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

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CHOICE SELECTIONS

OF

POETRY

FOR

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDUCATIONAL IN MORALS
AND MANNERS

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

Collected and Collated by
JOHN W. BAIRD

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.
1903.

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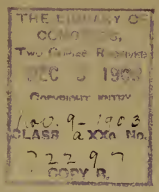

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Preface

WHILE engaged in collating a general book of poetry from a large collection of selected gems, gathered by me during a period of nearly half a century, I found so much that I thought would be beneficial to children and youth, I concluded to make a smaller book especially for them, and here it is.

In this I indulge the hope that it may aid in fixing in the minds of all readers, those right thoughts lessons and principles, that make children happier, and more surely tend to the formation of that character and purpose in life that leads up to good citizenship; so that when they are grown up to manhood and womanhood they will naturally take their places as good and useful men and women in all the better walks of life.

"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

This collection is made up almost entirely of gems culled from the better class of newspapers and periodicals, and therefore gleans a different field than other books of this kind heretofore published.

I regret that I cannot give proper credit to all the writers. The fault has been on the part of the papers and periodicals from which gathered, in their failure to give the authors' names. As to many of the older poems, the authorship has never been known. I have given due credit to authors as far as it was possiple for me to do so. Than these, I believe no richer poems and verses can be found in the whole field of poetic literature.

J. W. B.

Presented to

_____

by

_____

_____

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"Youth is the time each child should try,
In life's bright sunny morn;
To lay rich stores of knowledge by,'
The whole life to adorn.

Babyhood

THE SWEETEST OF LULLABIES.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is tending his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Savior loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*Caroline Southey.*

LULLABY.

Sleep, my little one, sleep!
Blossoms are bending o'er thee,
Whitest petals from every tree,
Tenderly fluttering down to see
My baby boy and me.

Sleep, my little one, sleep!
Sweetest perfume on every breeze,
Singing of birds among the trees,
And drowsy murmur of happy bees,
For my baby boy and me.

Sleep, my little one, sleep!
Sweet dreams are waiting thee now
In swaying the hammock and bough,
Sunshine and blossoms are watching, I trow,
My baby boy and me.

A LULLABY.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby, my sweet,
Pink little fingers and pink little feet,
Soft is your pillow, your cradle is white—
Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby, good night!

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, sleep and grow strong;
Life is a journey, the pathway is long;
Soon must the baby feet up and away—
Rest, little pilgrim, oh, rest while you may.

Drop the white curtains with fringes of brown,
This is the way into dim Slumbertown.
Six misty bridges that melt as we pass,
And street after street that is waving with grass.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby is gone,
Wandering far till the peep of the dawn.
Soft every footstep that passes the sill!
Smile and be dumb when the cradle hangs still.

—*Boston Pilot.*

LULLABY.

I've found my bonny babe a nest
On Slumber Tree.
I'll rock you there to rosy rest,
Astore Machree!
Oh, lulla lo! sing all the leaves
On Slumber Tree,
Till everything that hurts or grieves
Afar must flee.

I'd put my pretty child to float
Away from me,
Within the new moon's silver boat
On Slumber Sea.

And when your starry sail is o'er,
From Slumber Sea,
My precious one, you'll step to shore
On mother's knee.
—*Alfred P. Graves.*

ROCK-A-BYE.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green,"
Over thy slumbers the cool branches lean;
Bees in thy bower are crooning their song,
Leaves whisper round thee all the day long;
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, blue are the skies,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, shut little eyes.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green,"
Tiny brown mothers their soft feathers preen,
While the dear birdlings are hushed in the nest,
And the light breezes blow out of the west;
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, blue are the skies,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, shut little eyes.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green,"
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
Sweet as the dews in the cups of the flowers
Love sheds its balm on thee through the bright hours;
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, blue are the skies,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, shut little eyes.
—*James B. Kenyon, in the Independent.*

CRADLE SONG.

In the garden of Dreamland a flower ever grows,
In form like a lily, in hue like a rose,
With odor like jesamine sprinkled with dew,
And its bourgeons and blossoms, my darling, for you.
Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland.
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go,
Happily smiling, to Dreamland.

In the garden of Dreamland in summer is heard,
Thrilling there in the moonlight, a beautiful bird;
And its music, my darling, is only for you.
Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland.
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go,
Happily smiling, to Dreamland.

To-morrow my darling, refreshed by her rest,
With the bird in her hand and the flower on her breast,
Shall return to her mother, and frolic and crow,
But to-night on her journey to Dreamland must go.
Then travel, dear baby, to Dreamland.
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go,
Happily smiling, to Dreamland.
—*Thomas Dunn English, in Youth's Companion.*

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

Baby is sleeping so cozy and fair,
While mother sits near in her old oaken chair,
Her foot on the rocker, the cradle she swings,
And though baby slumbers, he hears what she sings.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.
Oh—rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near;
Then rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, nothing to fear;

For angels of slumber are hovering near,
So rock-a-bye, baby, mother is here.

Grandma sits knitting by the old fireplace,
With snowy white hair and a smile on her face.
The years have passed by, yet it does not seem long
Since she rocked baby's papa to sleep with that song.

Dear little baby, their joy and their pride;
Long may he be with them whatever betide.
The kitchen, the cradle, that tender refrain
In mem'ry will linger that lullaby strain.

—*Effie Channing.*

ONLY A BABY.

(To a Little One Just a Week Old.)

Only a baby,
'Thout any hair,
'Cept just a little
Fuzz here and there.

Only a baby;
Name you have none,
Barefooted and dimpled,
Sweet little one.

Only a baby;
Teeth none at all.
What are you good for,
Only to squall?

Only a baby,
Just a week old;
What are you here for,
You little scold?

BABY'S REPLY.

Only a baby!
What sood I be?
Lots o' big folks
Been little like me.

Ain't dot any hair?
'Es I have, too;
S'pos'n' I hadn't,
Dess it tood drow.

Not any teeth?
Wouldn't have one;
Don't dit my dinner
Gnawin' a bone.

What am I here for?
'At's petty mean;
Who's dot a better right
'T ever you've seen?

What am I dood for,
Did you say?
Eber so many sings
Ebery day.

Tourse I squall at times,
Sometimes I bawl;
Dey dassn't spant me,
'Taus' I'm so small.

Only a baby;
'Es, sir, 'at's so;
'N' if you only tood
You'd be one, too.

'At's all I've to say,
You're mos' too old;
Dess I'll det into bed—
Toes dettin' cold.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

Rock-a-bye, baby! On the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall—
Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The meadow's in bloom,
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the birds with their own baby tune,
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby! As softly it swings
Over the cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding of cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby! So cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair;
Sleep, little baby! There's no cloud in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will burn
And ache with what your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby! There's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away—
Days when its song will be changed to a moan—
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The meadow's in bloom;
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom;
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen.
Rock-a-bye, baby! Thy cradle is green.

A CANADIAN LULLABY.

Sleep, my darling one, sleep,
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep,
Coldly and fierce it snows;
Child, be thy slumber deep—
The deeper the better—God knows.

Dried are the tears on thy cheek,
Close shut are thy tiny hands;
Thy white lips so wistfully meek
Are mute to thy hunger's demands;
Gently, my darling one, seek
Thy comfort in slumber's dreamlands.

Child, be thy slumbers deep!
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep;
Thy mother's heart breaks for thy woes—
Death, and her half brother, Sleep!
And which is the better, who knows?

—*Algernon De V. Tassin.*

A LULLABY.

The stars are twinkling in the skies,
The earth is lost in slumbers deep;
So hush, my sweet, and close thine eyes,
And let me lull thy soul to sleep.
Compose thy dimpled hands to rest,
And like a little birdling lie
Secure within thy cozy nest
Upon my loving mother breast,
And slumber to my lullaby,
So hushaby—O hushaby.

The moon is singing to a star
The little song I sing to you;
The father sun has strayed afar,
As baby's sire is straying, too.
And so the loving mother moon
Sings to the little star on high;
And as she sings, her gentle tune
Is borne to me, and thus I croon
For thee, my sweet, that lullaby
Of hushaby—O hushaby.

There is a little one asleep
That does not hear his mother's song;
But angel watchers—as I weep—
Surround his grave the night-tide long.
And as I sing, my sweet, to you,
Oh, would the lullaby I sing—
The same sweet lullaby he knew—
While slumb'ring on this bosom, too—
Were borne to him on angel's wing!
So hushaby—O hushaby.

—*Eugene Field.*

LULLABY.

Fair is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and to me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet my own.

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
And revelers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet my own.

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet my own;"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

—*Eugene Field.*

SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Neither hunger, nor thirst, nor pain
Can touch or hurt thee ever again;
I, thy mother, will bend and sing,
As I watch thee calmly slumbering,
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Soon in thy angel's tender arms,
Closely sheltered from earth alarms,
Thou wilt awaken, baby mine,
Where all is mercy and love divine—
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
I have wept till my heart is dry,
But now I smile as I see thee lie
With small hands crossed in death's mute prayer,
Never to reach in the wild despair
Of hunger's anguish. All is o'er!
I wept, but now I can weep no more.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
A little while I, too, shall rest
Close by the side of my baby blest.
Safe is my baby—earth's anguish done—
Safe at the feet of the Holy One.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

—*Anna B. Bensel.*

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round, large eyes,
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swiftly borne
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of leg and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all want and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;

Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

—*William C. Bennett.*

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf a vunny leedle poy
  Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue
  As efer you did see.
He runs und yumps und smashes dings
  In all parts of der house—
But what of dot? He vas mine son,
  Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
  Und eferyding dot's out;
He spills mine glass of lager beer,
  Puts schnuff into mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe with Limburg cheese—
  Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd take dot from no oder poy
  But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milkpan for a drum,
  Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der shticks to beat it mit—
  Mine cracious, dot vas drue!

I dinks mine head vas schplit abart,
  He kicks up such a touse—
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
  Like dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
  Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoot blace oudt
  Vrom der hair upon mine head?
Und vere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
  Vene'er der glim I douse?—
How gan I all dese tings eggsblain
  To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
  Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
  Und beaseful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vas aschleep in bed,
  So quiet as a mouse,
I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
  But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

—*Charles Follen Adams.*

FRED ENGLEHARDT'S BABY.

Dru as I leev, most efry day,
I laugh me wild to saw der way
My scmall young baby dries to play—
  Dot funny leetle baby .

When I look of dem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und hear der way dot rooster crows—
  I scmile like I vas grazy.

Sometimes der comes a leetle shquall,
Dots ven der vindy vind does crawl
Right in his leetle shtomach schmall—
  Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so shweet,
Und gorryparric he must eat,
Und I must chump shpry on my feet
  To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,
Und crawls me ofer everywhere,
Und schlobber me—but what I care?
  Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
Vas shquozh me all so nice and warm.
Oh, may dere never come some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby.
—*Charles Follen Adams.*

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreaming wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint sweet smile you brought from the skies—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise—
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair—
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
Why, you never raise your beautiful head
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight to hear the words said,
"I love you, Baby Louise."
Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And, you've gone to sleep like a weary flower;
Ungrateful Baby Louise!
—*M. E.*

BED-TIME FANCIES.

Out from the corners and over the floor
Come flocking and flocking the shadow band;
I will get in my little white coach and drive
Through the Valley of Dreams into Slumberland.

I have four black horses that Night has lent;
I call the name of my coachman Sleep;
And the little white coach is cozy and soft,
As I nestle down in its cushions deep.

Heigho! we are off. The horses go slow
At first, then fast and faster still,
With silent hoof-beats speeding on
Down to the foot of Drowsy Hill.

This twilight place is the Valley of Dreams,
Where all the wonderful dream things are,
And the balsam groves and the poppy fields
That stretch on ever and ever so far.

The dream forests rustle their secret out,
The lights of the dream town twinkle and shine,
And the white dream ships from the harbor sail
Away to the dim horizon line.

Ah! the sounds of the valley are growing faint;
Its sights are fading on either hand;
I cross the border, still and dark,
And enter the real Slumberland.
—*Virginia C. Gardner, In Independent.*

Little Folk

GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair sat on her grandfather's knee;
Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light;
Out with the birds and butterflies bright;
Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head:
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet, little one.
"I can not tell, so much things have I done,—
Played with my dolly, and *feeded* my 'bun.'

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope;
And then I made out of water and soap
Bufitle worlds, mamma's 'castles of hope.'

"Then I have readed in my picture-book;
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home, and I eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpa's knee;
I'm *jes'* as tired as tired can be."

Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon grandfather's breast:
Dear little Golden Hair, "sweet be thy rest!"

We are but children: the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for the day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play!

And, oh! when a-weary, may we be so blest,
As to sink like an innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Good work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed.
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road;

All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow, she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—*Lord Houghton.*

BABY'S EVENING SONG.

Now the little white sheep,
Now the little black sheep,
They have all gone to sleep
In the fold.

Nothing is black,
Nothing is white
When the kind old Night
Hides them all out of sight
In the fold.
And the little chickens, too,
Must do as little lambs do,
They must go to sleep
In the fold.

Nothing is hungry,
Nothing is cold
When it once goes to sleep
In the fold.
And the sweet bright things
That fly about on wings,
Round the fields and through the skies,
They have shut their cunning eyes,
And have all gone to rest
In the nest.

And the little children, too,
Must do as little birds do,
They must all go to rest
In the nest.

Nothing unkind
Can the baby find
When she goes to rest
In the nest.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I wants a piece of talito
To make my doll a dress;
I doesn't want a big piece—
A yard'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fimble, too—
I has such heaps o' sowin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsey tored her apron
A tum'lin' down the stair,
And Caesar's lost his pantaloons,
And needs anozzer pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket,
His uzzer one's too small.

I want's to go to grandma's—
You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me—
I wants to go tonight.

She lets me wash the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
Wish I'd free, four pennies,
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens,
I wish you'd knit me some,

'Cause 'most my fingers freezes,
They leak so in the fum.

I wored it out last summer,
A-pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cooky—
I'm hungry's I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones
You'd better bring me free.

THE WAY TO SLEEPTOWN.

The Town of Sleeptown is not far,
In Timbuctoo or China,
For it's right near by in Blinkton County,
In the State of Drowsylina;
It's just beyond the Thingumbob hills,
Not far from Nodville Center,
But you must be drawn thro' the Valley of Yawn,
Or the town you can not enter.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That Baby goes to Sleeptown.

He starts from the City of Odearme,
Thro' Boohoo street he totters,
Until he comes to Dontcry Corners
By the shore of the Sleeping Waters;
Then he comes to the Johnny-Jump-Up-hills,
And the nodding Toddlebom mountains,
And straight does he go thro' the Vale of Heighbo.
And drink from the Drowsy Fountains.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That Baby goes to Sleeptown!

By Twilight Path thro' the Nightcap Hills
The little feet must toddle,
Thro' the dewy gloom of Flyaway Forest,
By the drowsy peaks of Noddle;
And never a sound does baby hear,
For not a leaf does quiver,
From the Little Dream Gap in the Hills of Nap
To the Snoozquehannah River.
And this is they way,
They say, they say,
That Baby goes to Sleeptown!

Away he flies over Bylow Bridge,
Through Lullaby Lane to wander,
And on thro' the groves of Moonshine Valley,
By the hill of Wayoffyonder;
And then does the fairies' flying horse
The sleepy Baby take up—
Until they enter at Jumpoff Center
The Peekaboo Vale of Wakeup.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That Baby comes from Sleeptown!

—*S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.*

BABY'S STRATAGEM.

Baby waking in the dark,
Heard one night a big dog bark.

"Let me cweep," she softly said,
"In your bed, for she is faid."

Nestled close to mamma dear,
Baby sleeps, and knows no fear.

Rosy morning lights the skies,
And opens darling baby's eyes.

Just as fair as any day
Are the curls that round them play.

Now when next night she waking thought
How nice to leave her lonely cot,

And creep into her mamma's bed—
Oh, shall I tell you what she said?

What a little baby fib,
Trundled off her togue so glib?

But the truth it must be told—
And baby's only two years old.

And the night was dark and long—
And she didn't know 'twas wrong,

So this is what the darling said,
Lying in her little bed;

Though no voice of dog was heard,
Though no sound the night air stirred,

Came a whisper in the dark;
"Mamma, she fink she hear dog bark."

Who could withstand the childish plea?
I'm certain neither you nor me.

In mamma's bed, all in the dark,
She creeps "coz she fink she hear dog bark."

—Mrs. H. A. Brown, in Christain at Work.

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"Oh, not I," said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl, "Tu whoo!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!"
I'll scratch any one who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid, Mi-iew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round.
And the bird in the tree,
The fish, and the bee,
They declared all three
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his head.

—St. Nicholas.

MAMMA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Mamma loosens the baby's frock,
And takes off each little shoe and sock;
She softly brushes the golden hair,
And pats the shoulders, dimpled and bare;
She puts on the night-gown, white and long,
Humming the while an evening song:
"Daylight is over;
Playtime is closing;
Even the clover
Is nodding and dozing.
Baby's bed shall be soft and white,
Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"

Mamma kisses the little pink feet,
And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,
The rosy cheeks, and the forehead white,
And the lips that prattle from morn till night;
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown,
Gently and softly she lays him down.
And in the hush that twilight brings
She stands by her darling's bed and sings:
"Over the billow
Soft winds are sighing;
Round baby's pillow
Bright dreams are flying.
Here comes a pretty one sure to alight!
Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"

—Eudora G. Bumstead.

INTRY-MINTRY.

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Once, as these children were hard at play,
An old man, hoary and tottering, came,
And watched them playing their pretty game.
He seemed to wonder, while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Aha, but the old man yearned to share
Of the little children's innocent glee

As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told this rhyme at counting out:
"Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Ah, the mirth of that summer day!
'Twas Father Time who had come to share
The innocent joy of those children there;
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sport with them went he—
How *could* the children have been afraid,
Since little they recked whom he might be?
They laughed to hear old Father Time
Mumbling that curious nonsense rhyme
Of "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
And joy of summer—where are they?
The grim old man still standeth near
Crooning the song of a far-off year;
And into the winter I come alone,
Cheered by that mournful requiem,
Soothed by the dolorous monotone
That shall count me off as it counted them—
The solemn voice of old Father Time
Chanting the homely nursery rhyme
He learned of the children a summer morn
When, with "apple seed and apple thorn"
Life was full of the dulcet cheer
That bringeth the grace of heaven anear—
The sound of the little ones hard at play—
Willie and Bessie, Georgie and May.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE BABY CHOIR.

Now all you tots sit in a row,
'Cause you are big church choir,
And I'll stand here to lead, you know;
And when I wave my stick—just so—
Then you must all sing higher."

But Roy sang of a "choo-choo" car,
And Gracie of "nice weather,"
While Rob's and Bessie's "twinkle star"
Went wandering high and low afar—
They couldn't keep together.

The little leader's eyes grew wet,
And then a smile o'erran them;
"You see, mamma, they can't do it;
They can't sing songs the leastest bit,
And so they singed an anthem!"

—*Selected.*

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten—
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.

None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next.
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her—
I will leave papa to name her.

—*Mary Lamb.*

THE LOVE BRIDGE.

Two little feet upon the stairs,
  Two little arms were open wide,
Two little hands would bar the way
  Trying to reach from side to side.
With smiling glances, two brown eyes
  Look up to mine in the softened light,
The sweet child voice in answer tells
  Why I must own her playful right.

"Dis is a love-bridge, papa says,
  Dis is the gate, my arms so wide,
Div me a kiss as you go through,
  I'll div it back on the other side."

I bend to give my kiss and think
  Of the "love-bridge" across life's sea,
Where the gate is a father's arms,
  Willing to open wide for me.
When the treasures swept from my sight,
  When tossed and turned by wind and tide,
Have passed the gate, and He will give
  Them back to me on the other side.

—*Boston Globe.*

WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER.

(By a Displaced Three-year-old.)

Mozzer bought a baby,
  'Ittle bitsey sing;
Sinks I mos' could put him
  Frou my yubber ying.
Ain't he awful ugly?
  Ain't he awful pink?
"Just come down from heaven"—
  Yat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor tol' anozzer
  Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out o' joint, zen,
  Yat ain't why I cry.
Mamma stays up in bedroom—
  Guess he makes her sick.
Frow him in the gutter,
  Beat him wiz a stick.

Cuddle him and love him,
  Call him "Blessed sing;"
Don't care if my kite ain't
  Got a bit of string.
Send me off with Bridget
  Every single day—
"Be a good boy, Charley,
  Run away and play."

Said "I ought to love him!"
  No, I won't; no zur!
Nassy cryin' baby,
  Not got any hair.
Got all my nice kisses,
  Got my place in bed—
Mean to take my drumsticks
  And beat him on the head.

—*Charles Follen Adams.*

HER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up today;
  He never looked so fine;
I thought when I first looked at him
  My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
  The old one was so old—
It's blue with buttons, O, so bright
  I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
  O' sad—I wonder why;
And ev'ry time she looks at him
  It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
  That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
  My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who can not see
His buttoms marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why.
—*Mary Norton Bradford, in Boston Globe.*

THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE.

My little daughter climbed upon my knee
And said, with an air of great mystery:
"I've a secret to tell you, papa.
But I must whisper it close in your ear,
And don't you speak of it, papa dear,
For there's nobody knows but mamma.

"I am very rich! Very rich indeed!
I have far more money than I shall need!
I counted my money today—
Twenty new pennies, all of them mine,
And one little silver piece called a dime
That I got from my Grandpapa Gray.

"I have fourteen nickels and one three cent,
Five silver quarters, though one of them's bent
And, papa dear, something still better—
Three big white dollars, not one of them old!
And, whisper, one beautiful piece of gold
That came in my Uncle Tom's letter."

Then she clasped her small hands, laughed merry and clear,
Put her soft, rosy lips down close to my ear
(Oh, so lovely the fair curly head!):
"Am I not very rich? Now, answer me true,
Am I not richer—far richer—than you?
Whisper, papa," she artlessly said.

I looked at her face, so young and so fair;
I thought of her life untouched by care,
And I said, with a happy sigh,
As my lips touched softly her waiting ear:
"You are exceedingly rich, my daughter dear;
Ten thousand times richer than I!"
—*Young People.*

HER NAME.

"I'm losted, could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stone had scratched her dimple knees,
I stooped and lifted her up with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiney-Eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head.
"Up to my house, 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiney-Eyes." A bright thought came;
"Yes; when you're good; but when they blame
You little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma neber scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones
And then she says" (the culprit owns),
"Mehetable Sapphira Jones,
What have you been a-doing?"
—*Anna F. Burnham.*

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet?
  Such a lot of treasure in it!
  Listen now while I bedin it;
  Such a lot of sings it hold.
  And all there is you sall be told;
Every sing dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all here's in my pottet
  A beauty shell—I picked it up;
  And here's the handle of a tup
  That somebody has broke at tea;
  The shell's a hole in it you see;
Nobody knows that I have dot it—
I keep it here safe in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,
  And here is my pennies, one, two free,
  That Aunt Mary gave to me;
  To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
  When I'm out walking with the maid;
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sings in my pottet!
  Here's my lead, and here's my string,
  And once I had an iron ring,
  But through a hole it lost one day;
  And that is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet;
Have it mended when you've dot it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Little girl 'at lives next door
  Never plays wive me,
'Cause she says 'at I don't move
  In society.

She wears jes' the finest clothes—
  Cost a lot, I guess—
While the bestest gown I has
  Is a gingham dress.

She has the most b'u'ful hats—
  My! but they is fine;
An' her shoes—I guess they cost
  A dollar more than mine.

She has ponies 'at she drives
  Almost ev'ry day;
An' they goes so fast—oo—oo—ooh!
  Takes your bref away.

She is rich, but I jes' bet
  'At she envies me,
'Cause her name is Maggie Smif
  An' mine is Althea Penelope d'Arcy Lee.

—*Louis B. Coley, in the Criterion.*

A HINT.

  Our Daisy lay down
  In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
  On forehead and cheek,
  On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

  Then foolish, absurd,
  To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
  That wife and that lover
  Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

  There, close at her side,
  "Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
  A puzzled surprise
  Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you," she said.

"WAIT DES A MINIT."

I have a gallant lover,
He's true as true can be;
But it's come to this, when I want a kiss,
He always says to me,
  "Wait des a minit."

He does not love another;
His heart is all my own;
Yet I grieve to know, when he treats me so,
That mine to him has flown—
  "Wait des a minit."

His face is very fair;
His eyes are violet blue;
And the light they send, as on me they bend,
'Most breaks my heart in two—
"Wait des a minit.'

His hair is like the sun
That shines upon the dew;
But he likes not girls, and he shakes his curls,
With words that pierce me through—
"Wait des a minit."

Whenever I talk of love
In moonlight or by day,
He just looks at me, and in a mocking glee
Remarks, and runs away,
"Wait des a minit."

I'l tell you what I'll do
To punish this young man:
When he wants a wife, if it takes his life,
I'll say to the young woman,
"Wait des a minit."
—*Sandy Broad, in Harper's Weekly.*

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

She always stood upon the steps
Just by the Cottage door,
Waiting to kiss me when I came
Each night home from the store.

Her eyes were like two glorious stars,
Dancing in Heaven's own blue—
"Papa," she'd call like a wee bird,
"I's looten out for oo."

Alas! how sadly do our lives
Change as we onward roam,
For now no birdie voice calls out
To bid me welcome home.

No little hands stretched out for me,
No blue eyes dancing bright,
No baby face peeps from the door,
When I come home at night.

And yet there's comfort in the thought
That when life's toil is o'er,
And passing through the sable flood
I gain the brighter shore,

My little angel at the gate,
With eyes divinely blue,
Will call with birdie voice, "Papa,
I's looten out for oo!"

DIPLOMACY.

"There never was a grandma half so good!"
He whispered while beside her chair he stood,
And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born
I know some little boys must be forlorn
Because the've none like you;
I wonder what I'd do
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!"
He kissed her and smoothed her snow-white hair,
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring;
A horse and carriage and a watch and ring,
All grandmas are so nice!
(Just here he kissed her twice)
And grandmas give a boy most anything."

Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up and with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear,
That nobody might not hear,
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?" —*New Moon.*

GRANDPA'S PET.

A bundle of sweetness, rolled up in blue—
A round, curly head that was golden;
Two wee, chubby hands that came peeping through
And ne'er one thing could be holden.
Such a lump of fun as eyes never met,
And the whole went by the name of grandpa's pet.

He's up in the morning when daylight breaks,
And everyone knows all about it;
The day begins just when Don awakes,
And none are so hardy to doubt it.
An autocrat he, whose wish must be met,
All must bow to the reign of grandpa's pet.

Does he want a crown? He'll have grandpa's hat—
The coal scuttle serves him to fish in;
When he chooses to ride, he'll ride the cat,
And pussy must bend in submission.
He can not do wrong—he never did yet—
Why, the whole world was made just for grandpa's pet.

When he makes a crow's nest of grandpa's wig,
Then the old man was ready to kiss him.
He draws his snuffbox about for a gig,
And the worst word that's said is,
"God bless him."
All clocks in the house to his time are set—
Well, there's nobody there but grandpa's pet.

What a pity we can not be always young
And rule like a king in his glory;
What a pity that time, with his iron tongue,
Must change the sweet tune of life's story.
Alas! that we lose in flurry and fret
The dream of the time we were grandpa's pet.

—*Mrs. H. Hazel Don, in Good Housekeeping.*

GOLDEN KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.

"*Good Morning!*" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "*Good Night!*" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "*If you please*"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I'll use the little "*Thank you!*" key.

"*Excuse me,*" "*Beg your pardon,*" too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "*Forgive me*" key I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;
This is its motto, "*Be ye kind.*"

I'll often use each golden key,
And so a happy child I'll be.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'm going to run away,"
Said little Sammie Green, one day.
"Then I can do just what I choose;
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face, or comb my hair.
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere;
And never have again to fill
That old chip basket—so I will.

"Good-by, mamma," he said; "good-by!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed a single tear.
"There, now!" said Sammie Green, I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip basket—so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said, anxiously, as he passed through:
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't no 'lasses spread
At suppertime on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammie Green's
Weak little heart was full of fear.
He thought about "Red Riding Hood,"
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The bean stalk boy, who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum;"
Of the dark night and the policeman.
Then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood-shed.
The big chip basket he did fill,
He blacked his shoes up with a will,
He washed his face and combed his hair,
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice and then he said:
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread!"
—*Mrs. Susan T. Perry, in Golden Days.*

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away and yet so near us
Lies a land where all have been,
Played beside its sparkling waters,
Danced along its meadows green,
Where the busy world we dwell in,
And its noises only seem
Like the echo of a tempest
Or the shadow of a dream;
And it grows not old forever,
Sweet and young it is to-day—
'Tis the Land of Little People,
Where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there
Are so wonderful and grand—
Things that wiser folks and older
Cannot know or understand.
In the woods they meet the fairies,
Find the giants in their caves,
See the palaces of cloudland
And the mermen in the waves,
Know what all the birdies sing of,
Hear the secrets of the flow'rs—
For the Land of Little People
Is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer;
For, when nursery time is o'er,
Through the Land of Little People
We may wander never more.
And our own dark world grows brighter,
And we seem as young as they,
Roaming over shore and meadow,
Talking to the birds and flow'rs.
But we hear their merry voices,
And we see them at their play,
For the Land of Little People
Is a fairer world than ours.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay,"—repeat it, darling.
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added;
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep,"
Then the tired head fairly nodded
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart. Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the waterside,
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the wooded dells,
All among the mountains wild
Dwelleth many a little child.

In the baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere.

In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Whereso'er a foot hath gone,
Whereso'er the sun hath shone.

On a league of peopled ground
Little children may be found.
Blessings on them! They in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience.

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod—
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified—
Little children, ye abide.

—*Mary Howitt.*

The Home and Mother

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.

Oh, I had such a pretty dream, mamma;
  Such pleasant and beautiful things,
Of a dear little nest in the meadows of
    rest,
  Where the birdie her lullaby sings.

A dear little stream, full of lilies,
  Crept over the green, mossy stones,
And just where I lay its thin sparkling
    spray
  Sang sweetly in delicate tones.

And as it flowed on toward the ocean
  Through the shadows and pretty sun-
    beams,
Each note grew more deep, and I soon
    fell asleep,
  And was off for the Island of Dreams.

I saw there a beautiful angel,
  With a crown all bespangled with dew;
She touched me and spoke, but I quickly
    awoke,
  And found then, dear mamma, 'twas
    you.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy
      Or cause it to ache
      Till ready to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill
      And love you, although
      The world is your foe—
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay;
      Who for you won't spare
      Self-sacrifice rare—
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
      Who toils day and night
      For you with delight—
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this.
      So love and revere
      That mother while here—
Sometime you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother, just one;
Remember that always, my son;
      None can or will do
      What she has for you.
What have you for her ever done?

—*B. C. Dodge.*

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by:
  "Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won:
  "Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"
—*Good Housekeeping.*

MOTHER'S LITTLE LAD.

He leans, caressing, at his mother's side,
Just newly rid of girlish kilt and plaid—
The long-sought triumph of his boyhood's pride—
And plans her future, mother's little lad.

He dreams, impatient of his lagging youth,
To conquer fate, and all her life make glad;
Strong in the strength of love and fearless truth—
A dear defender, mother's little lad.

While on her cheek falls soft that light caress,
Small weight hath care to make her musings sad;
Such power is his a life to blight or bless;
And yet he is but mother's little lad!

Whatever meed of fortune's favoring grace
The fickle-hearted years may take or add,
Within one steadfast heart in changeless place,
He is forever mother's little lad.
—*Nannie F. Maclean, in Independent.*

SOME DAY.

Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For, oh! I love you so!
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Some time, when in a darkened place,
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep;
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years
And see me here to-night—
See, O my darling, how my tears
Are falling as I write—
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.
—*Eugene Field.*

OUR FIRESIDE.

It may be under palace roof,
Princely and wide;
No pomp foregone, no pleasure lost,
No wish denied;
But if beneath the diamond's flash
Sweet, kind eyes hide,
A pleasant place, a happy place,
Is our fireside.

It may be 'twixt four lowly walls,
No show, no pride;
Where sorrows oftimes enter in,
But ne'er abide.
Yet, if she sits beside the hearth,
Help, comfort, guide,
A blessed place, a heavenly place,
Is our fireside.
—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lesson taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest—a mother's love!
Nobody can—but mother.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT HOME?

I am far from the home that was dearest to me
When my heart was the child's heart, so fearless and free;
But over the mountain and over the wave
My thought reaches back with the yearnings that crave
A whisper, a murmur. Wherever I roam
I wonder, "Now, what are they doing at home?"

Does mother still sit in the splint-bottomed chair,
A little more snow sifted through her dark hair?
Is the basket beside her with mending heaped high?
And who threads her needles when I am not by?
Does father drive Bess at a snail's creeping pace?
And hang up his hat in the selfsame old place?
Do the neighbors drop in for a leisurely chat
Of the fortune of this one, the trials of that?
Are there tidings the village is happy to share
Of some world-famous man once a merry boy there?
Oh! over the hill-tops and over the foam
I long to hear what they are doing at home.

My dear little sister, so dimpled and brown—
No prettier maid in this great bustling town—
Is she lissome and tall, is she pliant and sweet,
And fair as a lily from head unto feet?
My mother's own daughter, as pure as a pearl,
What wooer can mate with so peerless a girl?
Oh, sister, whose steps have not yet learned to roam,
I am fain to see what you are doing at home.

I long to go back where the Yule fires blaze,
To take up the tasks of the simple old days,
To find my content in the old homely round,
Lapped safe in the peace of a love as profound
As the heart that throbs ever beneath the deep sea.
But, alas! the world's fetters are bound about me;
I never again can stay tranquilly there,
Though never seemed home so divine and so fair,

And there's pain in the questions so ceaseless that come,
Oh, what are they doing my dear ones at home?
—*Elizabeth Chisholm, in Harper's Bazar.*

———

LEFT ALONE.

It's the lonesomest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay—
I don't call it living at all, at all—
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, and it seems a year—
"Gone home," so the preacher said—
An' I ache in my breast with wanting her,
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
'Cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy,
And filled to the doors with gloom.
I hate them to call me in to my meals;
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything
An' her not sitting up there

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things,
An' laughing to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right
Crawling into bed as still as a mouse—
Nobody saying good-night,

An' tucking the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushing my hair back, so;
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong—
She was always so safe and sure;
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up an' cure.

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
An' old maid aunties, an' such.

I can't make it out for the life of me
Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
A-needing an' wanting her so.

I tell you the very lonesomest thing
In this great big world to-day
Is a big boy of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.
—*Jean Blewett, in the Toronto Globe.*

———

PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

All day long they come and go—
Pittypat and Tippytoe;
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger-marks along the wall,
Tell-tale smudges on the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play!
And a dozen times a day
In they troop, demanding bread—
Only buttered bread will do,
And that butter must be spread
Inches thick with sugar, too!
And I never can say "No,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!"

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe,
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;
For (I much regret to say)
Tippytoe and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat;
Fie, for shame! to quarrel so—
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Oh, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
Search for playthings gone amiss,
Many a wee complaint to hush,

Many a little bump to kiss;
Life seems one vain, fleeting show
To Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And when day is at an end,
There are little duds to mend;
Little frocks are strangely torn,
Little shoes great holes reveal,
Little hose but one day worn
Rudely yawn at toe and heel!
Who but you could work such woe,
Pittypat and Tippytoe?

But when comes this thought to me:
"Some there are that childless be,"
Stealing to their little beds,
With a love I can not speak,
Tenderly I stroke their heads—
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek.
God help those who do not know
A Pittypat and Tippytoe!

On the floor and down the hall,
Rudely smutched upon the wall,
There are proofs in every kind
Of the havoc they have wrought,
And upon my heart you'd find
Just such trade-marks, if you sought;
Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

—*Eugene Field.*

HOME.

"Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky.
To stay at home is best."

—*Longfellow.*

Surely a bird may do its best,
E'en though it wanders from its nest;
In fear of hawks I fail to learn
'Tis the early bird that gets the worm.

In Him confide, whose eye o'er all
In pity notes the sparrow's fall;
The eagle swoop from mountain peak
Will fail to strike with cruel beak.

Then spread thy wings and sing and fly,
With pinions that shall flout the sky;
An angel bright, with purest wing,
Will guard thy flight as he hears thee sing.

—*P. E. T., in Saturday Review.*

AT HIS MOTHER'S KNEE.

Back to his boyhood's home again
He crept like some guilty thing,
Sick at heart and despised of men;
As a bird with a broken wing
Longs for its nest the leaves among,
For the peace of that home longed he,
And to listen once more to the simple song
That he heard at his mother's knee.

There in her lap in the dear old way
He laid his fevered head,
As when some childish grief held sway,
He ran to be comforted;
She did not believe that his heart was bad,
For she could not forget, you see,
The days when he knelt, a happy lad,
In prayer at his mother's knee.

Can a mother's forgiveness one's sins absolve?
At a touch of that aged hand
There sprang within him a new resolve,
Like a glimpse of a promised land.
Through repentant tears that fell like rain
He beheld new years to be,
And so he began life over again
Right there at his mother's knee.

—*New York Mercury.*

GRANDMA'S WEDDING GOWN.

Lo! here is grandma, just stepped down
From the picture on the wall,
Dressed in her famous wedding gown,
To attend the fancy ball!
No wrinkle mars her dear, sweet face;
She looks, with cheeks aglow,
Just as she loked, in pearls and lace,
Seventy years ago!

No wonder she was worshiped then
In all the countryside!
No wonder hearts were broken when
She wore this gown, a bride!
And, oh! to-night she's just as fair
As when she wore it so,
With girdled waist and powdered hair,
Seventy years ago!

The satin, once of spotless white,
Is yellowed with the years;
The veil that fell in folds of light
Is stained, but not with tears;
For grandma's life was one long May,
As free from ill and woe
As was her perfect wedding day,
Seventy years ago!

To-night, in all her youth and grace,
For all to praise and see,
The old love-light upon her face,
She comes to dance with me.
Ah, rose so like the parent flower!
Full soon our love shall know
The joy that crowned her bridal hour,
Seventy years ago!
—*Arthur Grissom, in Leslie's Weekly.*

WHEN GRANDMA SHUTS HER EYES.

Within the chimney corner snug
Dear grandma gently rocks,
And knits her daughter's baby boy
A tiny pair of socks.
And sometimes grandma shuts her eyes
And sings the softest lullabies.

Across her face the happy smiles
All play at hide and seek,
And kiss the faint and faded rose
That lingers on her cheek,
While thoughts too sweet for words arise
When dear old grandma shuts her eyes.

Yet sometimes pictures in her face
Have just a shade of pain,
As golden April sunshine mingles
With a dash of rain.
And then perchance she faintly sighs,
Does grandma when she shuts her eyes.

She's growing younger every day;
She's quite a child again,
And those she knew in girlhood's years
She speaks of now and then,
And sweet old love songs feebly tries,
Does grandma when she shuts her eyes.

I used to wonder why her eyes
She closed, but not in sleep,
The while the smiles would all about
Her wrinkled visage creep;
But I have guessed the truth at last—
She shuts her eyes to view the past.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

A sister's love! a love that knows
No earthly stain, no selfish part;
A love pure as the love that glows
In Heaven within an angel's heart;
For you in early morning light—
For you in silence of the night
Its prayers go up to Heaven above—
This is a sister's love.

A love that if you faint and fall
Beneath the burden of your cross,
Will share your griefs and sorrows all
And help you to retrieve the loss;
A love all patient to endure,
A love forever strong and sure,
Yet meek and gentle as a dove—
This is a sister's love.

A love that as the years go by,
And age and days of pain draw near,
Still like a star that shines on high
Will shine upon you pure and clear;
A love no absence can estrange,
A love no time can chill or change,
Or from its deep foundation shove—
This is a sister's love.

A love that still will live when this
Brief life has like a vision passed;
When you shall sit enthroned in bliss
In your celestial home at last;
A love that will unchanging be
Through all a glad eternity
Part of that blessed life above—
This is a sister's love.
—*Constantina E. Brooks, in Home Journal.*

"MOTHER."

What visions of a happy past
That home-like word to me recalls;
On list'ning ears it gently falls
Like music far too sweet to last.
E'en still the sounds I often hear,
Like echoes of a soft-toned lute,
Sweet whispers of a voice long mute,
Which brightened life with words of cheer.

When first I gazed, an infant mild,
I saw my heaven in her eyes;
As mist before the sunlight flies,
My troubles vanished when she smiled.
As wider, farther ranged my eyes,
And I looked on the world around,
How strangely old seemed all sweet sound,
Soft wind, bright stars and sunny skies.

As years roll on in heedless flight,
And I once more to heaven draw near,
Bringing sweet trust where once was fear,
And seeing all in truth's pure light,
I now can see that 'twas not strange
That nothing beautiful seemed new;
My mother's face, my earliest view,
Reflected landscapes fairest range.

—*G. R. Glasgow, Scotland.*

SONNY, NEVER MIND.

When I uster stub my toe
In the rocky road,
Mother, she could soothe my woe;
She's the one that knowed
How to banish my dismay
With a word so kind.
It stopped hurtin' when she'd say:
"Sonny, never mind."

Arnicky an' lint and things
Couldn't stop the pain,
But her gentle voice that rings
Often an' again
In my dreamin' had a charm
Strong, though undefined.
Jes' them words 'ud help the harm—
"Sonny, never mind."

If she only could be near
When I stumble now,
Maybe I could persevere
With a placid brow—
If she jes' could pat my head,
As when she would bind
Every boyish hurt, an' said:
"Sonny, never mind."

—*Washington Star.*

TIME TO COME HOME.

"Time to come home," that's what that light
At the window used to mean toward night—
"Time for the lambs to come in from the cold
To the warmth and love of the mother's fold!"

That's what she used to say; and then
She would say, when we grew up to be good men
We would mind the way that our childish feet
Were taught to come in from the mud of the street.

I was the oldest, the mother's pet!
Could that little picture be hanging yet
On the fire-lit wall of the cozy room
Where we gathered in from the evening gloom?

Ah, that was so very long ago
That nobody, not even she, would know
That I am the boy who used to come
Into the shelter of mother's room!

I've "come home" again; I, a thing, not a man;
Not even her loving eyes could scan
In the lines of my sodden, shameful face,
That innocent picture's boyish grace.

So I must be off, lest I die here and shame
An humble home and an honest name,
But I'd give all the world holds dear to see
If that picture still hangs in the nursery!

A LIFE STORY.

He is too young to know it now,
But some day he will know.
—*Eugene Field.*

Above her little sufferer's bed,
With all a mother's grace,
She stroked the curly, throbbing head
And smoothed the fevered face.
"He does not know my love, my fears,
My toil of heart and hand;
But some day in the after years,
Some day he'll understand;
Some day he'll know
I loved him so.
Some day he'll understand."

A wild lad plays his thoughtless part
As fits his childhood's lot,
And tramples on his mother's heart
Ofttimes and knows it not.
He plays among his noisy mates,
Nor knows his truest friend;
His mother sighs, as still she waits,
"Some day he'll comprehend;
The day will be
When he will see.
Some day he'll comprehend."

The strong youth plays his strenuous part;
His mother waits alone,
And soon he finds another heart
The mate unto his own.
She gives him up in joy and woe,
He takes his young bride's hand,
His mother murmurs, "Will he know
And ever understand?
When will he know
I love him so;
When will he understand?"

The strong man fights his battling days,
The fight is hard and grim;
His mother's plain, old-fashioned ways
Have little charm for him.
The dimness falls around her years,
The shadows 'round her stand;
She mourns in loneliness and tears,
"He'll never understand.
He'll never know
I loved him so;
He'll never understand."

A bearded man of serious years
Bends down above the dead,
And rains the tribute of his tears
Over an old, gray head.
He stands the open grave above,
Amid the mourning bands;
And now he knows his mother's love,
And now he understands.
Now doth he know
She loved him so.
And now he understands.
—*Sam Walter Foss.*

DEAR MOTHER-HEART!

Dear Mother-eyes
That watched while other eyes were closed in sleep,
That o'er my sliding steps were wont to weep—
Are ye now looking from the starry skies,
With clearer spirit-vision, love more deep,
Undimmed by tears, while I my vigil keep—
Dear Mother-eyes?

Dear Mother-hands
That toiled when other hands inactive were;
That, clasping mine, constrained me oft to prayer
For grace to run the way of God's commands—
Are ye now resting, or in realms more fair
Still find ye some sweet mode to minister—
Dear Mother-hands?

Dear Mother-heart
That felt the good where others found the ill,
That loathed the sin, yet loved the sinner still,
And charmed his soul to choose the better part;
Farewell a moment's fleeting space until
God reunites us when it be His will—
Dear Mother-heart.
—*John Henderson, in Chambers's Journal.*

THE GOODEST MOTHER.

Evening was falling, cold and dark,
And people hurried along the way
As if they were longing soon to mark
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind
A woman with bundles great and small,
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The Bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little rolly-poly boy
With rosy cheeks and jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering full of joy,
And here's what he said—I tell you true:
"You're the goodest mother that ever was."
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause
To utter the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day,
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed;
I knew, by her weary footfall's way,
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort, children dear,
Think what a comfort you might give
To the very best friend you can have here,
The lady fair in whose house you live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say—
In task or play for a moment pause,
And tell her in sweet and winning way,
"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."

HER LITTLE BOY.

"Always a little boy, to her,"
No matter how old he's grown.
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray;
She's deaf to his manly tone.
His voice is the same as the day he asked:
"What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same—
A little boy, to her.

"Always a little boy, to her."
She heeds not the lines of care
That furrow his face; to her it is still
As it was in his boyhood, fair.
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
As they were in his small-boy days.
He never changes; to her he's still
"My little boy," she says.

"Always a little boy, to her."
And to him she's the mother fair,
With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile
Of the boyhood days back there.
Back there, somewhere in the mist of years—
Back there with the childish joy.
And to her he is never the man we see,
But always "my little boy."

"Always a little boy, to her."
The ceaseless march of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
Ere ever they reach her ears.
The smile that she sees is the smile of youth,
The wrinkles are dimples of joy.
His hair, with its gray, is as sunny as May.
He is always "her little boy."
—*Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.*

CHILD AND MOTHER.

O, Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in the sweet-posie garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filing the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired-out boy to undress,
No questions nor cares to perplex you;
There'll be no bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on the silver-dew stream
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which my dreaming shall soften
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

—*Eugene Field.*

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's that boy that lives with his aunt, you know;
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest
And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout?
It is mother's room, and, if she don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more;
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is joly to rest on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother, she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet;
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—*New York World.*

MY MOTHER.

Often into folly straying,
Oh, my mother! how I've grieved her!
Oft I've heard her for me praying,
Till the gushing tears relieved her.
And she gently rose and smiled,
Whispering, "God will keep my child."

She was youthful then, and sprightly,
Fondly on my father leaning,
Sweet she spoke, her eyes shone brightly
And her words were full of meaning;
Now, an Autumn leaf decayed,
I, perhaps, have made it fade.

But, whatever ills betide thee,
Mother, in them all I share;
In thy sickness watch beside thee,
And beside thee kneel in prayer.
Best of mothers! on my breast
Lean thy head, and sink to rest.

TO MY MOTHER.

Eyes of brown my Mother has,
Dark and clear; ,
Rich the auburn of her hair,
Which the silver gathering there
Makes more dear.

On her brow once smooth and fair,
I can trace
Lines of care and anxious thought,
But the deeper they are wrought
On her face,

Still more beautiful and blest
Does she seem.
Shines her soul's unselfish light
Like the radiant image bright
Of a dream.

In her hands, now worn with toil,
I can see
Patient deeds of thoughtfulnesss,
Untold labors wrought to bless,
Lovingly.

Mother: these poor words of mine
Little tell:
This my heart would fondly say,
That thy daughter far away
Loves thee well.

Wishes for a gift of gifts;
But none other
Than of love, a wealth unmeasured,
Does she bring, all sweetly treasured,
For her mother. —*L. A. F.*

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one,
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one.

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they can not see.
Gaze upon her living eyes.

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow.

Oh, revere her raven hair,
Although it be not silver-gray—
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch some one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair.

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn.

—*Thomas Hood.*

THE OLD FOLKS' LONGING.

Don't go to the theater, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their little babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and council wise,
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes;
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they waited and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one,
So write them a letter to-night.

—*Portland Oregonian.*

MY MOTHER.

"A woman lived, a woman died,"
So said the world, and cried
What of it?
The flower blooms, the tendril twines,
The storm cloud bursts; the sun still shines
Above it.

"The mountains rear their lofty crest,
Between, the valleys peaceful rest
Unshaden;
With man, the battle still is rife;
What is't to us because a life
It takes?"
If life is but three score and ten,
It matters very little when
It closes;
If to our life earth is the bound,
We mind not when we deck a mound
With roses.
But not by measure do we gauge,
Nor by the dial fix the age
Of spirit.
An earthly form is gone, but still,
To love, each passing moment will
Endear it.

A woman lived, and I am glad.
A woman died, and I am sad,
No other
Can ever fill, as years may fly,
The place so long held sacred by
My mother.

Across the years she speaks to me,
Her face across the years I see;
I love her,
Not did, but do, and more and more
Till I her form on fairer shore
Discover.

—*F. A. Bisbee, in Philadelphia Press.*

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine;
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden
Where, in spite of frost and snow,
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And a sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful, and brave, and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will—
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies,
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true:
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.

Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

GRANDMA'S BOY.

"Her little boy grows up so fast,"
Said grandma, "that some sunny day
He'll wake and be a man at last,
And wander from her far away;
Oh, then, what shall his poor old grandma do?"
"Don't worrry," said he, "I'll take care of you!"

"I fear her boy may soon forget,"
Sighed grandma, "those who loved him here,
And leave them with one scarce regret,
Maybe without one sigh or tear."
A tender look beamed in his eyes of blue;
He whispered, "Grandma, I'll take care of you!"

"But grandma will be very old,
And only in the way, she fears;"
His chubby arms her neck enfold,
His earnest eyes are full of tears,
"And oft we give the old love for the new!"
"But, grandma," said he, "I'll take care of you!"

I'll build for you a house so fine
And you shall have six easy chairs,
Dozens of servants when you dine,
And lots of comforts everywheres!"
While grandma smiled her knitting through,
"Don't fret," said he, "for I'll take care of you!"

Dear grandma softly shades her eyes—
The sunlight, maybe, makes them weep;
Close to her heart her darling lies,
Rocked in a calm and gentle sleep,
And kisses fall upon the lips so true
That said: "Don't worry; I'll take care of you!"

—*George Cooper, in the Independent.*

Christmas-Tide

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash:
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles in coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall;
Now dashaway, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too,
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Santa Claus came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,

That shook when he laughed like a bowl
full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly
old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite
of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his
head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to
dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight
to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned
with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he
rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave
a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of
a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out
of sight;
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a
good-night!"

—*Clement C. Moore.*

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells, more loud and
deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With 'Peace on earth, good will to
men.'"

—*Longfellow.*

I SAW THREE SHIPS.

(An old English Carol.)

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, On Christmas day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace
Good will toward men."

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day
In the morning."

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine
With luster of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "merry Christmas" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas tree,
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "merry Christmas" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angel's song:
"Glory be to God above;
On earth be peace and helpful love."
And on the streets, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin.

Waken, Christian children,
Up and let us sing
With glad voices the praises
Of our new-born King.

Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children:
"Let them come to Me."

Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of glory,
Born for us to-day.

IF I WERE SANTA CLAUS.

(For three pupils.)

If I were Santa Claus I'd go
To every fireside, high or low;
I'd bring sweet joy to weeping eyes;
I'd carry dolls of wondrous size
To little girls in every land;
And every toy that could be planned
I'd furnish to the boys, brand new,
If I were Santa Claus—would you?

If I were Santa Claus I'd pay
A visit to the house each day;
I'd come and mend the broken toys;
I'd kiss the little girls and boys
And fill their stockings every night,
And give them dreams of rare delight;
All the good I could I'd do,
If I were Santa Claus—would you?

If I were Santa Claus I'd seek
To help the poor and raise the weak;
When earth was white, when earth was green,
My jolly nose would still be seen;
I'd scatter smiles like roses fair;
Ah! I would make it everywhere
Bright Christmas time the whole year through,
If I were Santa Claus—would you?

IF YOU'RE GOOD.

Sata Claus'll come tonight,
If you're good.
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep,
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Thro' the wood,
But he'll come around this way,
If you're good.
With a wind-up bird that sings,
And a puzzle made of rings—
Jumping-jacks and funny thigs—
If you're good.
He will bring you cars that "go,"
If you're good.
And a rocking-horsey—oh!
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says "Mamma!" when you squeeze
It—he'll bring you one of these,
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should,
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise, and he's a dear;
Just do right, and never fear;
He'll remember you each year,
If you're good.
—*St. Nicholas.*

JIMMIEBOY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Clause, if you could bring
A patent doll to dance and sing,
A five-pound box of caramels,
A set of reins with silver bells;

An Elephant that roars and walks,
A Brownie doll that laughs and talks,
A humming top that I can spin,
A desk to keep my treasures in;

A boat or two that I can sail,
A dog to bark and wag his tail,
A pair of little bantam chicks,
A chest of tools, a box of tricks;

A scarlet suit of soldier togs,
A spear and net for catching frogs,
A bicycle and silver watch,
A pound or two of butterscotch;

A small toy farm with lots of trees,
A gun to load with beans and pease,
An organ and a music-box,
A double set of building-blocks—

If you will bring me these, I say,
Before the coming Christmas day,
I sort of think, perhaps, that I'd
Be pretty nearly satisfied.
—*Harpers Young People.*

LITTLE JIM.

It was Christmas Eve; and the lighted street
Re-echoed the tread of hurrying feet,
Of multitudes filled with the tender mirth
That blesses the time of the Saviour's birth.

There were women, men and sweet little girls
With their rosy cheeks and fluttering curls;
While the stores with urchins seemed all alive,
Rushing here and there like bees in a hive.

The pavements sparkled with an icy glare,
And a wintry chill was in all the air;
But never a thought for the cold had Jim,
For with joy his cup was full to the brim.

'Tis true his fingers were aching with cold;
His jacket was thin and ragged and old,
No place for his head in the bitter night;
Yet Jim's little heart was full of delight.

He had heard of Santa Claus. Who has not?
But Jim knew more—the very spot
Where he lives; and he was going that night
To see if the wondrous story was right.

Now, Jim had in mind a mansion of stone,
Towering high on a corner alone;
From every window a glare of light,
Bidding defiance to cold and night.

So he trudged along o'er the ice and snow;
And a gay little tune he whistled low,
Till he reached the house that he sought at last,
While a ragged stocking his hand held fast.

Then, mounting the doorstep, a string he took,
Of the silver handle he made a hook;
Then he pinned a paper fast to the toe,
Or over the hole where the toe would go.

You will smile at Jim's poor letter, I fear:
"Deer Mister Santa, I know you live here,
I hope you won't mind cause I've come to see
If you had not something for boys like me.

"I guess you have, so please put it in here,
But if you haven't, I'll wait till next year.
But just nothing at all seems kinder slim,
I hope there'll be something for little Jim."

Then, sitting down on the step in the cold,
He watched the lights shining cheery and bold;
While the snowflakes, falling swiftly and white,
Made him a mantle, soft, fleecy and light.

Then he fell asleep and knew nothing more;
But his stocking still bravely waved by the door,
And the snow, with gentle but deadly hand,
Still wrapped him with silvery fold and band.

But somebody came ere the night was gone,
And found Jim's message the stocking upon;
And little Jim woke in a lovely room,
On a downy couch 'mid dainty perfume.

And looking up in a strong, manly face,
He said, with a child's all unconscious grace,
"You're Santa, I s'pose, and I thank you so;
But I never asked to come in you know.

"I only thought that mayhap you could find
Some little thing that you wouldn't much mind
Giving away to a poor boy like me,
I've never had Christmas—never, you see.

"What? Stay here always? Well, then it's all true,
And Santa Claus, yes, sir, I know he's you;
And, if this isn't all a dream, I'll stay;
If 'tis, I hope it will never come day."

And dear little children everywhere,
I know you are glad little Jim is there,
And that he has found a Santa Claus, too,
A father to love him and pet him like you.

—*F. H. Leighton.*

DANCE OF THE MONTHS.

The New Year comes in with shout and laughter,
And see, twelve months are following after;
First, January all in white,
And February, short and bright;
See breezy March go tearing round;
But tearful April makes no sound.

May brings a pole with flowers crowned,
And June strews roses on the ground.
A pop! a bang! July comes in;
Says August, "What a dreadful din!"
September brings her golden sheaves;
October waves her pretty leaves;
While pale November waits to see
December bring the Christmas tree.
They join their hands to make a ring,
And as they dance they merrily sing,
"Twelve months we are, you see us here;
We make the circle of the year;
We dance and sing and children hear;
We wish you all a glad New Year."

—*Exchange.*

HIS BIRTHDAY.

It is His birthday—His, the Holy Child!
And innocent childhood blossoms now anew,
Under the dropping of celestial dew
Into its heart, out of this heavenlier Flower,
That penetrates the lowliest roof-tree bower
With fragrance of an Eden undefiled!
O happy children, praise Him in your mirth—
The Son of God born with you on the earth!

It is His birthday—His, in whom our youth
Becomes immortal. Nothing good, or sweet,
Or beautiful, or needful to complete
The being that He shares, shall suffer blight;
All that in us His Father can delight,
He saves, He makes eternal as His truth,
Praise Him for one another, loyal friends!
The friendship he awakens, never ends.

It is His birthday—and this world of ours
Is a new earth, since He has dwelt therein;
Is even as heaven, since One Life without sin
Made it a home; His voice is in the air;
His face looks forth from beauty everywhere;
His breath is sweetness at the soul of flowers:
And in Him—joy beyond all joy of these—
Man wakes to glorious possibilities!

It is His birthday—and our birthday, too!
Humanity was one long dream of Him,
Until He came; with fitful glow, and dim,
The altars heavenward smoked from vague desire—
Despair half stifling aspiration's fire—
He is man's lost ideal, shinging through
This life of ours, whereinto floweth His;—
God, interblent with human destinies.

It is His birthday—His, the only One
Who ever made life's meaning wholly plain;
Dawn is He to our night! No longer vain
And purposeless our ownward-struggling years;
The Hope He bringeth overfloods our fears—
Now do we know the Father, through the Son!
O earth, O heart, be glad on this glad morn!
God is with man! Life, Life to us in born!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire with the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

Right Conduct and Kind Words

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling,
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say "good-bye,"
Which among the lips that kiss us,
First should 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears;
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened
By some thoughtless words of ours,
Which had ever lain among them
Like the frost among the flowers,
Oh! with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
We would say "Forgive! Forget."

If we knew. Alas and do we
Ever care to seek or know
Whether bitter herbs or flowers
In our neighbor's garden grow?
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear Him say:
Careless child, I never knew you;
From my presence flee away.

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished bith,
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends a day a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from Heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay,
Spread gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright amenity?
Good temper—nothing more.
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

WANTED.

A boy who is cheerful
When asked to split wood,
Or run on an errand
When he doesn't feel very good:
Who doesn't say, "Why not?"
When told not to do this,
That, or the other,
But make it his business
To mind father and mother.

A girl who will work
For the sake of others;
Who is thoughtful and kind
To her sisters and brothers;
One who is not selfish
Or rude in her ways,
Who doesn't keep quarreling
When she works or plays.

IF.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.

If you are dreaming of a future goal,
When crowned with glory men shall own your power,
Be careful that you let no struggling soul
Go by unaided in the present hour.

If you are moved to pity for the earth,
And long to aid it, don't look so high,
You pass some poor dumb creature faint with thirst,
All life is equal in the eternal eye.

If you would help to make the wrong things right,
Begin at home; there lies a limetime's toil.
Weed your own garden fair for all men's sight,
Before you plan to fill another's soil.

God chooses His own leaders in the world,
And from the rest He asks but willing hands,
As mighty mountains into place are hurled,
While patient tides may only shape the sands.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Journal.*

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost—the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled, too fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost—the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis grown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

* * * * * * *

So with our words—or harsh or kind—
Uttered; they are not all forgot;
They have their influence on the mind—
Pass on, but perish not.
So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.

—*Nellie M. Ward.*

CONSOLATION.

When Molly came home from the party to-night—
The party was out at nine—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on my shoulder hid,
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice),
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee—
I am old and exceedingly wise—
And I said: "My dear, now listen to me;
Just listen and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'twould be
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is never to mind what people say,
But do what *you* think is right."

—*Walter Learned.*

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the maner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—
Whether you mean or care—
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—*Youth's Companion.*

EPIGRAMMATIC.

He wins at last, who builds his trust
In loving words and actions just.

The winter blast is stern and cold,
Yet summer has its harvest gold.

Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet,
Yet love wrings triumph from defeat.

The clouds may darken o'er the sun,
Yet rivers to the ocean run.

Earth brings the bitterness of pain,
Yet worth the crown of peace will gain.

The wind may roar among the trees,
Yet great ships sail the stormy seas.

Full oft we feel the surge of tears,
Yet joy has light for all the years.

On every banner blazon bright,
"For toil, and truth, and love we fight."

—*Thomas S. Colier.*

AN ANGEL HERE.

A ragged urchin played along the stret,
And slipped and fell upon the icy way.
A fair browed girl tripped by with nimble feet,
But sudden stopped beside the boy, who lay

Half crying with his pain. In sweetest tone
And eyes brimful of tender human love,
She said, "And did you hurt you much!"
A groan
Died on his lips. An angel from above

Could not have grander seemed than she to him.
He opened wide his great, brown, homeless eyes,
Thus to be sure one of the seraphim
Had not come down to earth in sweet disguise.

She went her way, forgetting that she smiled,
Glad to have said a word of hope and cheer.
Not so the vision to the humble child—
That voice and face would live through many a year.

And then to boys who gathered round the lad,
He said, with face aglow with sympathy
And heart that 'neath his ragged garb was glad,
"I'd fall again to have *her* speak to me!"

Oh, precious human voice, with power untold!
Oh, precious human love to mortals given!
A word or smile are richer gifts than gold—
Better be angels here than wait for heaven.

—*Sarah T. Bolton.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

When you hear of good in people—tell it;
When you hear a tale of evil—quel it.
Let the goodness have the light,
Put the evil out of sight,
Make the world we live in bright,
Like the heaven above.

You must have a work to do—pursue it,
If a failure, try again—renew it.
Failure spurs us to success,
Failures come, but come to bless,
Fitting us for righteousness
In the heaven above.
—*John Sterling, in New York Academy.*

TIRED OF PLAY.

Tired of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this live-long day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up temple and tree.

The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers and day is done,
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

Playing? But what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?

Whom hast thou pitied and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field or hill?
By green-wood path, and singing rill?

Well for thee if thou couldst tell
A tale like this of a day spent well,
If thy kind hand has aided distress,
And thou pity hast felt for wretchedness;

If thou hast forgiven a brother's offense,
And grieved for thine own with penitence;
If every creature has won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
Then with joy and peace on the bed of rest
Thou wilt sleep as on they mother's breast.

NOBLE DEEDS.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all deeper cares.

Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raises us from what is low.
—*Longfellow.*

LIFE.

Life is a book
Of clean white pages, given us at birth,
Wherein to write the record of our lives,
The record that beyond us still survives,
The story of our pilgrimage on earth.

Our ev'ry deed
Each day we take the pencil and indite
On a new page—our wishes, hopes and fears,
For good or ill, and so, on thro' the years,
The record grows, of ev'ry day and night.

We may not look
At what we once have therein written, but
Thro' memory; nor may we e'er erase
A single thing that therein has its place.
When all is finished, then out book is shut.

O soul, take heed
That in thy life's book naught shall e'er offend!
Have then a care about thine ev'ry act
That thy books beauty may appear intact,
Nor blot, nor blemish, mar it, to the end!
—*William Hamilton Cline.*

DO NOT FORGET.

Do not forget as you go on your way
Through this busy world, with its toil and strife,
Often a kindly word to say
To those you meet in the paths of life.
Do not forget that a smile of cheer
May comfort a heart that is sad and drear,
And brighten a day that is hard and long.
The burning words that forever live
It may not be yours to speak or give—
But there's heart and hope in a bit of song.

Do not forget that wherever you go
Kindly deeds may be found to do,
No one so poor but can bestow
The help that will courage and faith renew!
No one so weak who can not give
The hand that may help a soul to live
And rise again from the trodden clay!
Splendid achievements may never be yours,
But the deed that for love's sake is done endures,
And will blossom forever from day to day.

—*S. J. Montgomery.*

WHAT IS GOOD.

"What is the real good,"
I ask in musing mood.

"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge,' said the school;
"Truth said the wise man;
"Pleasure,' said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," said the seer;

Spake my heart full sadly;
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
" 'Kindness' is the word."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

HERE AND THERE.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They've broken your doll, I know,
And your tea set blue
And your toy house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They've broken your slate, I know,
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There' little girl, don't cry;
They've broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh;
There, little girl, don't cry.

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in Commercial Advertiser.*

THE RIGHT WILL RIGHT ITSELF.

When overcome with anxious fears,
And moved with passion strong,
Because the right seems losing ground
And everything goes wrong,
How oft does admonition say:
"Put trouble on the shelf;
Truth will outlive the liars' day.
And Right will right itself!"

By all the triumphs of the past,
By all the victories won,
The good achieved, the progress made
Each day, from sun to sun;
In spite of artful ways employed
By perfidy or pelf,
Of one thing we can rest assured,
That Right will right itself!

Unshaken in our faith and zeal,
'Tis ours to do and dare,
To find the place we best can fill,
And serve our Maker there;
For he is only brave who thus
Puts trouble on the shelf,
And trusts in God, for by His aid
The Right will right itself.

—*Josephine Pollard, in New York Ledegr.*

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day,

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group:

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

If she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, nad the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

HAPPINESS.

Not reverie for that we can not gain
Nor wish for that we know we can not reach,
But just to strive by tenderness of speech,
And gift of gentleness to soften pain;
To lift the fallen that they may regain
Another opportunity. To teach
The music of sweet sympathy to each—
And happiness will not be sought in vain.

To lend a hand of help, with pleasant smile
Of hopefulness to meet the coming days—
Will, like the sun dispelling gloomy haze,
Transfigure sorrow, and the mind beguile;
For after all is said, if understood,
True happiness is found in doing good.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

He seems to be several boys in one,
So much is he constantly everywhere!
And the mischevious things that boy has done
No mind can remember nor mouth declare.
He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,
He is kind and cruel, good and bad,
A brute and a hero! Who will save
The best from the worst of my neighbor's lad?
The mean and the noble strive to-day—
Which of the powers will have its way?

The world is needing his strength and skill.
He will make hearts happy or make them ache.
What power in him for good or ill?
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?
Will he rise and draw others up with him,
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neighbor's boy
Though I have some fear for what he may be,
Is a source of solicitude, hope and joy,
And a constant pleasure. Because I pray
That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me by with a smile and a nod,
He knows I have hope of him—guesses, too,
That I whisper his name when I ask of God
That men may be righteous, His will to do.
And I think that many would have more joy
If they loved and prayed for a neighbor's boy.

—*London Christain World.*

CHEERING WORDS.

If any little word of mine
Can make some life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make some heart the lighter,
God help me speak that little word,
And take the song I'm singing
And bear it to some lonely dale
To set the echoes ringing:
Echoes that thrill in joyous tone,
To some one comfort bringing.

—*New York Press.*

Good Advice

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep watch on your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things:
They are sweet, like the bee's sweet honey—
Like the bees they have terrible stings;
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten the lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind,
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like lightning,
Or fall on the heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make my darling,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lips, and ever,
From the time of your early youth;
May the words you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

My boy, you're soon to be a man,
Get ready for a man's work now,
And learn to do the best you can
When sweat is brought to arm and brow;
Don't be afraid, my boy, to work,
You've got to, if you mean to win!
He is a coward who will shirk:
Roll up your sleeves and then "go in."

Don't wait for chances; look about!
There's always something you can do;
He who will manfully strike out
Finds labor—plenty of it, too.
But he who folds his hands nad waits
For "something to turn up" will find
The toiler passes Fortune's gates,
While he, alas, is left behind!

Be honest, as the day is long;
Don't grind the poor man for his cent,
In helping others you grow strong,
And kind deeds done are only lent;
And this remember, if you're wise,
To your own business be confined,
He is a fool, and fails, who tries,
His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged and get blue
If things don't go to suit you quite;
Work on! Perhaps it rests with you
To set the wrong that worries right.
Don't lean on others! Be a man!
Stand on a footing of your own!
Be independent, if you can,
And cultivate a sound backbone!

SEVEN POINTS FOR BOYS.

Be honest, my boy, be honest, I say;
Be honest at work, be honest at play;
The same in the dark as when in the light,
Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight.

The next thing you need is knowledge, my boy;
These virtues, indeed, your time should employ;
Let knowledge display integrity, too,
And you'll seldom say, "I've nothing to do."

But work calls for action, muscle and will;
Boys must "get up and get," their station to fill;

And boys should be active as ever they can—
A dull, stupid boy grows to a dull, stupid man.

But simple activity will not suffice;
Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in disguise;
They mark all the moves the industrious do,
But don't care a fig to push business through.

The next thing in order—avoiding display—
Is boys should be careful to hear and obey.
Never even presuming to make a reply,
Nor, muttering, say: "I'll go by and by,"
But promptly obey with a hearty good will,
Attempting, at least, the whole order to fill.

Again: Be not fitful, but stick to your work;
Never let it be said that you're a shirk;
But when any task is fairly begun,
Keep "pegging away" until it is done.

Be honest, be wise and industrious too;
Be active, obedient, obliging and true;
Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can,
Polite in your manners, and you'll be a man.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true;
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark
Keep an end in view,
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore
From its sunny source has gone
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But while it is called to-day
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower;
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,
And to win the glittering prize
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of Fate,
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great,
Would you bless your fellow-men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's fierce fight?
With a spirit brave and strong
Battle for the Right;
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost—
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost;
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust
All that you will do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

—*Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton.*

IN THE BATTLE.

If a trouble binds you, break it;
Life is often what we make it,
Good or ill—and so we take it;
Let not disappointment fret you,
If a seeming ill beset you,
Cast it off, and hopeful get you
On your way—
As you make it, so you take it,
In the battle every day.

If your genius slumber, wake it;
For our life is what we make it;
As we shape it, so we take it;
If we hunt for care or sorrow,
We shall only always borrow
Trouble from a better morrow
Every day—
As we make it, so we take it—
So the life will run away.

If the heart is thirsty, slake it;
If a blessing offers, take it;
For our life is what we make it;
Joy abounds in happy faces;
Pleasure lives in rosy places;
Let us court the goodly graces
By the way;
And we'll take it as we make it
In the battle every day.

Dig the garden, smooth it, rake it;
For the math is what you make it;
As you work it, so you take it;
Sit not idly hoping, dreaming—
Wrapt in fancy's futile teeming;
Victory does not come by scheming—
Strike and stay!
As you make it, so you take it,
If you faint not by the way.
—*M. V. Moore, in Detroit Free Press.*

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

Don't go to the theater, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done
With folded hands and downcast eyes
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste;
I've scarcely the time to write."
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise,
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they look and long
Be a day or an hour too late,

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

BE POLITE.

Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To two very little keys;
But don't forget the two are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."
Be polite, boys; don't forget it
In your wandering day by day,
When you work and when you study,
In your home and at your play.

Be polite, boys, to each other;
Do not quickly take offense;
Curb your temper; you'll be thankful
For this habit seasons hence.
Be respectful to the aged,
And this one thing bear in mind:
Never taunt the wretched outcast,
Be he helpless, lame or blind.

Be polite, boys, to your parents;
Never let them fail to hear
From their sons the best language
In the home you should love dear.

To your brothers and your sisters
Speak in accents kind and true.
Be polite; 'twill serve you better
Than a princely gift can do.
—*New York Ledger.*

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it;
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak.
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joy;
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere—
And remember, boys make men.

THE BOY WHO MINDS HIS MOTHER

Boys, just listen for a moment
To a word I have to say:
Manhood's gates are just before you,
Drawing nearer every day;
Bear in mind while you are passing
O'er the intervening span
That the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures
In this world we're living in;
Those who start with prospects fairest
Oft are overcome by sin;
But I'm certain that you'll notice,
If the facts you'll closely scan,
That the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her counsel;
It will never lead astray.
Rest assured she has your welfare
In her thoughts by night and day.
Don't forget that she has loved you
Since the day your life began.
Ah, the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.
—*Yankee Blade.*

"IF I WERE YOU."

If I were you and had a friend
Who called a pleasant hour to spend,
I'd be polite enough to say,
"Ned, you may choose what games we'll play."
That's what I'd do
If I were you.

If I were you and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule,
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy,
And 'twould be true
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell,
For two things only I despise—
A coward heart and telling lies—
And you would, too,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd try my best
To do the things I here suggest,
Though since I am no one but me,
I cannot very well, you see,
Know what I'd do
If I were you.
—*New York Independent.*

WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

Don't lose courage; spirit brave
Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distress;
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will;
Patience ofttimes outruns skill.

Don't lose gladness; every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan,
Don't lose faith in God and man.

KEEP IN THE GOLDEN WAY.

There are paths that lead to gladness, there are paths that lead to gloom,
Keep in the golden way,
And beautify the journey in the land beyond the tomb;
Keep in the golden way.
A loving word upon the lip, a warmth within the eye,
Can send a shaft of kindly light athwart the darkest sky;
A smile may lift the heart that would be stifled with a sigh.
Keep in the golden way.

He serves life's purpose best who glads the souls of weary men;
Keep in the golden way;
Make bright the Now and leave with God the great eternal Then;
Keep in the golden way.
The world is full of sorrow; passion sows the seeds of pain,
But love can rob a heart of sin and hide away the stain;
Not ours to sift the worldly chaff from his immortal grain;
Keep in the golden way.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

THY DUTY.

Let all the good thou doest to man
A gift be, not a debt;
And he will more remember thee
The more thou doest forget.

Do it as one who knows it not,
But rather like a vine
That year by year brings forth its grapes
And cares not for the wine.

A horse when he has run his race,
A dog when tracked the game,
A bee when it has honey made—
Do not their deeds proclaim.

Be silent, then, and like the vine,
Bring forth what is in thee;
It is thy duty to be good,
And man's to honor thee.

—*Morals of Marcus Aurelius, by R. H. Stoddard.*

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—*Schiller.*

Effort and Perseverance

OUR HEROES.

Here's to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers—
A cheer for the boy who says "No."

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The Right" be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

THE RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad,
with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly
glide o'er the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they
pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they
go, to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by
chance, to move at the breeze's
will.
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon,
and melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and
the winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all
on their appointed way.

For each one has a rudder, my dear little
lad, with a stanch man at the
wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself,
but the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night,
that the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes
her course and the helmman's
watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my
boy, on life's wide, treacherous
seas—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of
strength to stand the stress of the
gale;
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it
flinch, whatever the tumult be,
For the will of the man, with the help
of God, shall conquer and prevail.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder's the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill
We must push and struggle and strive.

And always and everywhere
We'll find in our outward course
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way we take,
The stouter the heart and nerve,
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve,
For the glory we hope to win
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountain high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm
When the difficult river we cross.
—*Josephine Pollard, in Christian at Work.*

THE VICAR'S SERMON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Ever be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

If you think a word will please,
Say it if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures,
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true.
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.
—*Children's Museum.*

PATHS.

The path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toil,
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to the Loaf of Bread
And the Suit of Clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a House of Your Own
Climbs over the bowldered hills,
And the path that leads to a Bank Account
Is swept by the blast that kills;
But the men who start in the paths any day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
By the dreamy Brooks of Sleep,
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs
And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of winter come,
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills
When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account
And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.
—*S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.*

LIFE.

Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor-boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel-dream passed o'er him;
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light that sculpture shone;
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel-vision.
—*Bishop Doane.*

YOUTH AND LIFE.

What would the world be if by chance
Youth held it futile to advance—
Futile to dream of loftier days
Than those it sees, of sweeter ways
Beyond its common paths, of flights
Beyond the measure of its nights?
Ah, then the heart of youth would beat
With little of its passionate heat,
And hope would move in weary wise,
With listless soul and unlit eyes.

But youth is mighty with desire,
Untiring in its faith and fire,
And enters where the seasoned mind
Falters and darkly looks behind;
Where tottering age bends low and weeps,
Finding no profit where it reaps.
If youth were not as youth must be—
Strong with the strength of earth and sea,
Strong with the glory of the stars,
Defiant of any will that bars
The long road winding to its goal—
Then life would be a cruel whole.

But look—there's promise in the bow
That arches with prismatic glow
The heaven of youth, that heaven which lies
Wide as the world-begetting skies.
There's promise in the spring-time flood
Of youth's tumultuous, thrilling blood,
And there is burning, brightening life
Amid the clashing steel of strife.

Ah, days of youth, they speed too fast—
But they are matchless while they last.
—*George Edgar Montgomery, in Harper's Weekly.*

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

"Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam."

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the castle, say:
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"On—on!" exclaimed the hero;
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh.
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode.
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

Are Riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon can not be bought.

To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

In Love's impassioned warfare
The tale has ever been
That victory crowns the valiant—
The brave are they who win.
Though strong is Beauty's castle,
A lover still may take it
Who says with Roman daring,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"
—*John G. Saxe.*

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power.
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't!"
But the noble one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil, on the farm,
Wheresoever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Come a Nation's destiny.
—*Sunday Young Folks.*

TO GET THE GOOD OF LIVING.

To get the good of living
You can't go mincing round
First at this and then at that,
In nothing earnest found.
Love well, hate well, when you've fixed your mind;
Work well, play well, just as you're inclined.
But do a thing as if it was the only thing on earth,
For a life that's worth the living should be lived for all it's worth!

To get the good of living
You've got to live outright;
Half way this and half way that
Make your life a blight.
Stand well, fight well, for the creed you hold;
Win well, lose well, as your fate is told,
For this is manful doctrine, sound from creation's birth,
That a life that's worth the living should be lived for all it's worth!
—*Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.*

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, "it weakens his eyes,"
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.
Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound,"
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around."
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit,"
But mention base ball and he's cured very soon,
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.
Do you think he "plays possum?" He seems quite sincere;
But—isn't he queer?
—*W. H. S., in St. Nicholas.*

TO THE BOYS.

You'll never discover new lands, my boys,
If you always follow the beaten track.
You'll never stand firm on the mountain height
If you're always halting and gazing back.
Strike out for yourself, but be sure the path
Is not girt with the noxious weeds of sin,
That no sharp-edged rocks of some deadly vice
Or pitfalls of folly be found therein.

Choose the path of honor and virtue, boys,
And let no one tempt you to swerve aside;
Its guide-boards — temperance, purity, truth—
Who follows their guidance few dangers betide.
There may not be wealth and fame at the end,
But wealth and fame do not constitute bliss.
A pure, perfect manhood and noble life—
There's nothing worth striving for, boys, but this.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eye on the goal, lad;
Never despair or drop;
Be sure that your path lies upward;
There's always room at the top.

THE FARMER BOY.

A welcome to the farmer boy,
Whose heart is in his toil,
Who wins his muscle and his pence
From Nature's teeming soil,
Whose heart goes out like happy birds
In gladsome songs of joy;
Of such our Nation's power and pride,
The honest farmer boy.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the farmer boy!
Of motives pure and great;
Hurrah for the stalwart arm,
To guide the ship of state.

The dappered youth who fears the frost
That changes green to sere,
Can never claim the mind or might
Columbia's ship to steer.
The gilded sins of camp and court
Such hot-house plants destroy,
But health, and truth, and industry
Protect the farmer boy.

—*Western Rural.*

I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

I may not reach the heights I seek;
My untried strength may fail me;
Or, half way up the mountain peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall on my way;
My path may always lead through night,
Like some deserted by-way.
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless joy in this—
I will be worthy of it.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE PLODDER'S PETITION.

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher!

Help me to long for mental grace
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find.
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shriveled mind.

I do not ask for place among
Great thinkers who have taught and sung,
And scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour—
I only would not lose the power
To comprehend.
—*Helen Gilbert, in the Independent.*

AN AIM.

Give me a man who says,
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through,
He will not stumble at all.

Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal
Than to glide along with time—
An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better to climb and fall,
And sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away, day after day,
And never strive at all.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish tomorrow
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan, the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.
—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

PERSEVERENCE.

The zeal that springs up suddenly
Soon runs its brief career,
While patient labor brings reward
If we but persevere.

'Twere vain to seek for precious ore
By lightning's blinding glare,
But miners using tiny lamps
Find many treasures rare.

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

Who bides his time and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty. The paltry dime,
It will grow golden in his palm
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear,
And, though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him drawing near.
The birds are heralds of his cause,
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool wreathen laurel wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;

And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand on every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who bides his time.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

Hold fast, dreamer, do not fret!
Everything will come right yet.
Life holds nothing worth regret—
Let the sun rise—let it set.
I have seen the young grow old;
Seen the fond turn stern and cold;
Seen the selfish, vain and proud
Feed the worm and crease the shroud.
Do not cry;
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.

Pearls, and gems, and jewels fine,
Fished from sea or dug from mine,
Silken raiment, filmy lace,
Vanish all and leave no trace.
Those who walk and those who ride
Yet must lie down, side by side,
When their cruel master, Death,
Seals the eyes and takes the breath.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.

I have seen the high brought low,
Seen the seasons come and go;
Fields of bloom and waste of snow,
Sunny skies and winds that blow—
And I mark out all the hours,
Whether there are frosts or flowers—
Night and day, and day and night,
Feeling sorrow nor delight.
Do not cry;
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.

Nothing matters! Nothing can
In the destiny of man.
Vain, alas! all tears and sighs;
Vain reproaches—vain replies.
Silence and decay must fall
Like a shadow on you all;
And He who made your life a span
Will judge as never judges man.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.

—Nelly Marshall McAfee, in Century.

Learn to be Useful

WHICH LOVED BEST.

"I love you, mother," said little John,
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she—
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

[The following was published in Chambers' Journal more than twenty years ago, yet many are still hopelessly waiting an answer to the question without making an effort to solve it in a practical way:]

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life.
What was I born for? For somebody's wife,
I'm told by my mother. Well, that being true,
Somebody keeps himself strangely from view,
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in my unsettled state;
For though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz.
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my head is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse"
To take the first booby who gracefully came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name;
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small.
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are all of them younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;
But this is the question that troubles my mind:
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life.
Why should I wait to be somebody's wife?

GROWN-UP LAND.

Good morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never a stop;
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray;
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?
Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land,
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak ones' part,
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the Grown-up Land.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt;
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow-leaves one day;
"The sun would wither here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, O! what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand;
We'll build a mountain, and there we'll stand."

* * * * * * * * *

And so the snowflakes grew to drifts,
The grains of sand to mountains,
The leaves became a pleasant shade,
And dewdrops fed the fountains.

—*Rev. George F. Hunting.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

Surely, one man soweth
While another reaps,
And the mother waketh
While the baby sleeps.

Each one finds a harvest
Which he never sowed;
Each one bearing burdens
Lifts another load.

Every one is reaper
From some distant seed;
Every one is a sower
For another's need.

This is law and gospel.
Sweet it is to find
When the sowers perish,
Reapers come behind.

Praise the God of harvest,
What is wrought in tears
Bringeth some one blessings
In the mystic years.

Praise the God of harvest
That another reaps,
So the labor fails not
When the sower sleeps.

—*Rev. B. R. Bulkeley.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistle loud in the wheat field,
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet dipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the alder blooms white.
They find where the dusky grapes purple,
In the soft tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds
And build tiny castles of sand,
They pick up the beautiful seashells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall rocky treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land;
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.
—*Mary H. Krout (written at the age of fourteen.)*

———

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

What can you do, what can you do?
That's what the world is asking you;
Not who you are,
Not what you are,
But this one thing the world demands,
What can you do with your brains or hands?

What can you do? That is the test
The world requires; as for the rest,
It matters not;
Or who or what
You may have been, or high or low,
The world cares not one whit to know.

What can you do? What can you do?
That's what the world keeps asking you
With trumpet tone,
And that alone!
Ah, soul, if you would win, then you
Must show the world what you can do!

Once show the world what you can do,
And it will quickly honor you
And call you great;
Or soon, or late,
Before success can come to you,
The world must know what you can do.

Up, then, O soul, and do your best!
Meet like a man the world's great test,
What can you do?
Gentile or Jew,
No matter what you are, or who,
Be brave and show what you can do!
—*Melville W. Miller.*

Make Good Use of Time

SO MUCH TO LEARN.

So much to learn! Old Nature's ways
Of glee and gloom with rapt amaze
To study, probe, and plant,—brown earth,
Salt sea, blue heavens, their tilth and dearth,
Birds, grasses, trees—the natural things
That throb or grope or poise on wings.

So much to learn about the world
Of men and women! We are hurled
Through interstellar space a while
Together, then the sob, the smile
Is silenced, and the solemn spheres
Whirl lonesomely along the years.

So much to learn from wisdom's store
Of early art and ancient lore.
So many stories treasured long
On temples, tombs and columns strong.
The legend of old eld, so large
And eloquent from marge to marge.

So much to learn about one's self;
The fickle soul, the nimble elf
That masks as me; the shifty will,
The sudden valor and the thrill;
The shattered shaft, the broken force
That seems supernal in its source.

And yet the days are brief. The sky
Shuts down before the waking eye
Has bid good-morrow to the sun;
The light drops low, and Life is done.
Good-bye, good-night, the star-lamps burn;
So brief the time, so much to learn!

—*Richard Burton.*

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.
A hope for me, and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed:
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we can not recall them,
Can not undo and can not atone,
God in His mercy, receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!

—*Susan Coolidge.*

OPPORTUNITY.

In harvest time when fields and woods
Outdazzle sunset's glow,
And scythes clang music through the land,

It is too late to sow,
Too late; too late!
It is too late to sow.

In wintry days, when weary earth
Lies cold in pulseless sleep,
With not a blossom on her shrowd,
It is too late to reap,
Too late! too late!
It is too late to reap!

When blue-eyed violets are astir,
And new-born grasses creep,
And young birds chirp, then sow betimes,
And thou betimes shall reap,
Then sow! then sow!
And thou betimes shall reap.
—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

IF WE COULD KNOW.

Whither do our footsteps tend?
More and more we yearn to know,
As life's shadows longer grow,
And the evening hours descend
And before us lies the end.

When the door shall open wide,
And behind us softly close,
What to our expectant eyes
Will the future life disclose?
Shall we see a morning break,
Fair and fragrant and serene,
Seeming like the blessed dream
Of some unforgotten eve?
Shall we walk in gladness on,
Under smiling skies of blue,
Through an ever deepening dawn,
Into wide fields, fresh and new,
Meeting those who came before,
Knowing each familiar look,
And each well remembered tone,
Though so many years had flown
Since each other's hands we took,
Saying farewells o'er and o'er?
Shall we talk of earthly days,
Speaking low, with bated breath,
Of the awful mystery
Of our human life, and death?
Shall we wonder to recall
How our hearts were prone to fear,
How we scarcely dared to hope,

In any heaven, so fair, so near?
Ah! if we could only know,
As the shadoys deeper grow,
Whither our swift footsteps tend,
As they surely near the end!
—*Katherine S. Mason, in Boston Courier.*

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day; what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down-hill track
For the travelers near the valley,
That up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

THE AIM OF LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God,
The dead have all the glory of the world.
—*Philip James Bailey.*

ALONE.

Alone. How can I be alone,
When earth and air and babbling brook
Are pages in that wondrous book
Dear mother Nature wrote for me?
Each bird and bud lifts up its voice,
And bids my heart awake, rejoice.
Even the winds, that gay and free,
Go tripping over hill and lea,
Give greeting with a gladsome tone,
And all I see I call my own.

Alone. How can I be alone?
Each morn Aurora's ruddy fire
Calls forth a sweet celestial choir,
That wooed me from refreshing sleep.
The roses lift their heads and say:
"All hail, kind mate, to thee good day!"
And from the grassy, fern-clad heap,
Where smilax and clematis creep;
From blackened pine, by moss o'ergrown,
Cries welcome, as from friends well-known.

Alone. How can I be alone?
High in mid-heaven an orb of gold
Pillars of amethyst uphold.
It gleams with love, what'er betide.
The roe with opal-onyx eye
Pears from the copse as I pass by.
The rubies in the shy trout's side
Their silver setting almost hide.
Sure, fairer jewels never shone,
And every radiant gem my own.

Alone. How can I be alone?
Though fellow-man doth seem more far
Removed than yonder twinkling star,
Though not in our familiar tongue
Come words of comfort, words of cheer,
Sweet messages from those most dear,
Still, Nature's vesper chimes are rung,
And songs by unseen spirits sung,
Float round my head, that on a stone
Finds rest, I sleep, yet not alone.
—*Forest and Stream.*

DAY BY DAY.

Day by day,
Time flies away!
Time with his shining minutes melting into hours,
Measuring your deeds and mine from morn till eve;
Cutting, with cruel scythe, both weeds and flowers;
Hastening on the day when each his work must leave.
Time does not stay!
If you, my friend, would joy in deeds, nor grieve,
Do while you may,
Day by day;

Day by day,
Years glide away!
Long years, which to the happy child, ungrown,
Stretch seemingly forever for the use of man;
How quickly, ere a few decades have flown,
Their far prospective shortens to a span!
Years do not stay!
Would you an honor be to God's great plan?
Be while you may,
Day by day!

Day by day,
Life slips away!
O life! thou vital fact and mystery,
Thou only hope and cheer, thou all in all!
How dear thou art! And wilt thou from us flee?
Ah, well! To mortals on this earthly ball
Life does not stay!
So, fill the chalice ere the final call;
Live while you may,
Day by day!
—*F. Clifton Hayes, in Boston Transcript.*

LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

Life is too short for any vain endeavor,
For useless sighing over vanished days;
No time for scorn, no time for needless praise—
Life is too short.

Life is too short for envy to be nourished,
For sin to cumber up the path we tread—
Think of the suffering! hear the cry for bread!—
Life is too short.

Life is too short for avarice to devour
And rob men's souls to seek its evil end.
No time for bitter thought, you know, my friends—
Life is too short.

Life is too short to waste in tears and grieving
Over the love that came but did not stay.
'Tis sweet to dream, but dreams, too, pass away—
Life is too short.

Life is too short—forgive and be forgiven,
While yet we linger; everything is brief,
There is no time for idleness or grief—
Life is too short.
—*M. G. Shirley, in Yankee Blade.*

NEVER AGAIN.

Listen to the water-mill,
All the livelong day—
How the creaking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the water glides,
Useless on, and still,
Never coming back again
To that water-mill;

And a proverb haunts my mind,
As the spell is cast—
The mill will never grind again
With the water that has passed.
Take the lesson to yourself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are passing by
Youth is passing, too;

Try to make the best of life,
Lose no honest way:
All that you can call your own
Lies in this To-day.
Power, intellect, and strength
May not, can not last—
The mill will never grind again
With the water that has passed.

BE EARNEST.

The rank weed grows in a single night,
While the rarer plant takes years;
And evil name will leap to fame
While a good name scarce appears.
But the rank weed dies in a single night,
While the rarer plant still blooms on,
And the evil name will sink to shame
While the good name's in its dawn.

The way that is won without any work
Is not worth winning at all—
A sudden light— a meteor flight—
A sparkle—a trail and a fall.
Fear not, brave heart, where'er thy lot,
Like a coral, build deep in the sea,
And a beautiful land with a glittering strand
Shall owe its existence to thee.

And if failure be thy part, O heart!
What compensation shalt thou find
For thy weary years and bitter tears,
And thy mission, half divined?
But this can comfort bring to thee,
That like a sounding bell,
Men shall say on the judgment day:
"This little work is done well!"
—*Ella S. Cummins, in San Francisco Town Talk.*

THE RIVER.

River! River! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming river!
Broad, and deep, and still as Time,
Seeming still—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like Mortal Prime.

River! River! rapid river!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's Closing Day.

River! River! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like Eternity!

I'LL PUT IT OFF.

Some little folks are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off at least to-day;
It can not matter much."

Time is always on the wing—
You can not stop its flight,
Then do at once your little tasks,
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off
Will end in "Never done;"
And "By-and-by is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

THE WATER THAT'S PASSED

Listen to the water-mill
Through the live-long day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Lanquidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while the daylight shines
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams up on the way;
All that thou cans't call thy own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not, can not last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh;
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart—
Take! oh, hold it fast!
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

D. C. McCallum.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
But keep this wholesome truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
  Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
  Deal fairly with a brother.
What'er your station, do your best,
  And hold your purpose ever,
And if you fail to beat the rest,
  'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run,
  Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
  Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
  Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind—
  'Tis beter late than never.

Greatness in Little Things

WONDERFUL.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down bellow?
A common thing is a grass blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Working till doomsday shadows fall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful when you think
How a litttle seed, asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?
A seed, we say, is a simplle thing,
The germ of a flower or weed—
But all earth's workmen laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful when you think
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet Summer long?
Commonplace is a bird alway,
Everywhere seen and heard—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till the judgment day,
Never could make a bird.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think
How a little baby grows,
From the big, round eyes that wink and blink,
Down to his tiny toes?
Common thing is a baby, though,
All play the baby's part—
But all the whirring wheels that go
Flying round while the ages flow
Can't make a baby's heart.

—*Julian S. Cutler, in Jewish Comment.*

DO ALL THAT YOU CAN.

"I can not do much," said a little star,
"To make this dark world bright;
My silvery beams can not pierce far
Into the gloom of night;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can."

"What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
If caught in her chalice of gold;
But I, too, am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head—
"Mother said: 'Darling, do all that you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan.'"

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its raincup full,
How, why, or for what all strange things are—
She was only a child at school,
But she thought, "'Tis a part of God's great plan,
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped another child along
When the way was rough to his feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought wondrous sweet;
And her father—a weary, toil-worn man—
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

LITTLE THINGS.

I threw a pebble out into the lake;
The pebble was small
The lake was wide,

But the circling waves, by that pebble made,
Pictured a lesson that will not fade
While men on this earth abide

I gave of my love to a sorrowing world;
The word was feeble,
The world was wide,
But the love wave met with the sinking bark
Of one who was dying alone in the dark,
And a pæan rolled in with the tide.

I reached to heaven for a sinning soul;
My prayer was weak,
But God was strong,
And sins like scarlet were washed and white,
For the soul that groveled sprang up to the light,
And the weeping became a song.

—*E. H. Chase.*

TINY TOKENS.

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray.
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call.
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall—
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule.
Such music is not understood
By any school;
And when the brain is overwrought,
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I can not speak
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
That givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest hight;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to the light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where tht forest grew
A few short years ago.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sands of life
Will slowly all be run.
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another, and more on them;
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell,
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

—*Golden Days.*

INFLUENCE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past,
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love of brethren dear,
Keep, then, the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in the world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That, according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low.
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear,
With its friendly glow.
God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day.
Yet a little bird can wing,
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the whole world gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love whate'er He made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through Thy world so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright;
Thou my song and Thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

—*Laura E. Richards.*

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow,
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward, as they go.

Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes take this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—*New York Mail and Express.*

LITTLE THINGS.

From the rising to the setting of the sun,
How many little things we leave undone.
With selfish aims or aspirations high,
We're apt to pass the humbler service by.

A little care, a little thought,
A little deed in friendship wrought,
A little word, if gently spoken,
May ease a heart with pain nigh broken

A little earnest, cheerful work,
To brighten gloom where shadows lurk;
A little tender, pleading prayer,
To help a soul from dark despair.

A little heartfelt comfort given,
When all seems lost for which we've striven,
May cure the smart and heal the wound,
Make life with new-born hope abound.

Father, make us mindful of the little things.
The small, sweet service that slowly, surely brings
Thy erring children kneeling humbly at Thy feet,
For' tis the little thoughtful things that make our life complete.

—*C. E. Crispin.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far above the shining skies.

A SEED.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever;
The one thing changeless, utterly true,
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day; to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed you sow.

—*Wirt Sikes.*

DRIFTING.

Drifting away, drifting away,
Farther and farther off each day.

Drifting away from the path of truth,
Old age, manhood, childhood and youth.

Drifting away from the Holy Book,
Millions care not in it to look.

Drifting away from the sacred page
In this proud, boasting, reckless age.

Drifting away from the pure, sweet light
Into the gloom of the utmost night.

Drifting, drifting down to the grave,
Far from the Arm that alone can save.
—*Norman Taylor.*

KINDNESS.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sits the little human Thing
On the shore of Time's wide sea,
Gathers in its little hand
Drops from out Eternity.

Sits the little human Thing,
Gathers rumors full of Mystery,
Writes them down into a Book,
Names it "Universal History."

A SINGLE STITCH.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been;
One small stitch which could scarce be seen,
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may or strive how it can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole.
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.
—*Susan Coolidge.*

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

And the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.
—*Brewer.*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Every little grape, dear, that clings unto the vine
Expects some day to ripen its little drops of wine.

Every little girl, I think, expects in time to be
Exactly like her own mamma—as sweet and good as she.

Every little boy who has a pocket of his own
Expects to be the biggest man the world has ever known.

Every little piggy-wig that makes his little wail
Expects to be a great big pig with a very curly tail.

Every little lambkin, too, that frisks upon the green
Expects to be the finest sheep that ever yet was seen.

Every little baby colt expects to be a horse;
Every little pup expects to be a dog, of course.

Every little kitten pet, so tender and so nice,
Expects to be a grown-up cat and live on rats and mice.

Every little fluffy chick, in downy yellow drest,
Expects some day to crow and strut or cackle at its best.

Every little baby bird that peeps from out its nest
Expects some day to cross the sky from glowing east to west.

Now, every hope I've mentioned here will bring its sure event,
Provided nothing happens, dear, to hinder or prevent.

—*Christian at Work.*

OUR DAY IS TO-DAY.

To-day is all that we may know,
To forecast fate were folly;
He is a dolt who groans with woe
When all the earth is jolly.
'Tis vain o'er next year's drought to pine—
The wise will never borrow;
The gold now hidden in the mine
May be a crown to-morrow.

It matters not what man has been,
It proves not what he may be;
The future lies beyond our ken
Whatever may to-day be.
Do every task as best you can,
And laugh at idle sorrow;
The stranded ship that now we scan
May proudly float to-morrow.

With honest purpose onward press
While fortune's wheel is spinning;
We see it turn, but none can guess
The prize that he is winning.
Let this day's task be done to-day,
With sword or pen or harrow;
The sun that beams with grateful ray
May be obscured to-morrow.

Life's battle rages fierce and strong,
But manhood will defend you;
Be staunch and true through right and wrong
And honor will attend you.
Sing merrily along your way,
Though it be rough and narrow;
The sweating toiler of to-day
May live at ease to-morrow.

—*Francis C. Long.*

Cheerfulness

SMILES.

Smiles! what are they for? I will tell you—
All hatred they melt into love;
They chase away sorrow and trouble,
With a gleam from the heaven above.
They make us all cheerful and happy,
Ah! whether we will or no;
Can a sunbeam be ever resisted
When it falls on a bank of snow?

We should wearily grope through the shadows
That compass this earthly life
Were it not for these flashes of brightness
That fall on us through the strife,
To reveal the fond spirits around us,
The blossoms that spring in our way;
For the world is not all so dreary
As some people choose to say.

The innocent laughter of childhood
Makes the heart of the aged to thrill;
At the sweet, merry song of the maiden
The mourner looks up and is still.
O the bright, sunny smiles of contentment
That flecker with light our dull way!
They will change every hardship to pleasure
And the darkest night turn into day.

—*Little Corporal.*

FOR THE SCHOOL BOYS.

Never look unhappy, boys;
Be merry while you can;
Youth is but a Mayday morn,
Life is but a span;
If you meet them with a smile,
Troubles soon will fly,
So only mark the sunshine, boys,
And let the clouds go by.

Don't neglect your lessons, boys;
Wisdom is a prize
Greater than earth's riches are;
Grasp it ere time flies.
School boy days will soon be o'er,
Be merry while you can;
A happy childhood seldom fails
To make an honest man.

IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little troubles wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth;
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win.
It pays to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

Why don't you laugh, young man, when troubles come,
Instead of sitting 'round so sour and glum?

You can not have all play,
And sunshine every day;
When troubles come, I say, why don't you laugh?
Why don't you laugh? 'Twill ever help to soothe
The aches and pains. No road in life is smooth;
There's many an unseen bump,
And many a hidden stump
O'er which you'll have to jump. Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your spirits wilt;
Don't sit and cry because the milk you've spilt;
If you would mend it now,
Pray let me tell you how:
Just milk another cow! Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh and make us all laugh, too,
And keep us mortals all from getting blue?
A laugh will always win;
If you can't laugh, just grin—
Come on, let's all join in! Why don't you laugh?

—*James Courtney Chellis, in the Independent.*

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—*Boston Transcript.*

IF.

Oh, if summer would last forever!
Oh, if youth would leave us never!
Oh, if the joy we have in the spring
Forever its happy song would sing,
And love and friendship never take wing,
But stay with us forever!
Then—ah, then! if such gifts were given,
Who of us mortals would ask for heaven?

—*W. W. Story.*

NEIGHBOR JIM.

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim.
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There is never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

A cyclone whirled along its track
And did him harm—
It broke his arm
And stripped the coat from off his back—
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old—
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead.
The angel of death had summoned him
To Heaven, or—well,
I cannot tell.
But I knew that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

"The world is ever as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

Thus spoke a grandma, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandma say.

Years after, when no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild.

Back to her heart the memory came
Of a quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow and, smiling, thought:
"'Tis even as the good soul taught;

"And half my woes thus quickly cured,
The other half may be endured."

No more her heart its shadows wore;
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world (as we, too, must)

In happy mood; and lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view.

She made of life (as we, too, should)
A joy; and lo! all things were good

And fair to her as in God's sight
When first He said, "Let there be light."

Lessons and Examples

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand;
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land;
Those rose-white feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! Since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair;
Will cut away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there;
But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly into the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?
Oh, who may read the future? For this sweetheart small
We want all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

DUTY'S PATH.

Out from the harbor of youth's bay
There leads the path of pleasure;
With eager steps we walk that way
To brim joy's largest measure.

But when with morn's departing beam
Goes youth's last precious minute,
We sigh, "'Twas but a fevered dream—
There's nothing in it."

Then on our vision dawns afar
The goal of glory, gleaming
Like some great radiant solar star,
And sets us longing, dreaming.
Forgetting all things left behind,
We strain each nerve to win it,
But when 'tis ours—alas! we find
There's nothing in it.

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze
Upon the path of duty;
Its barren, uninviting ways
Are void of bloom and beauty.
Yet in that road, though dark and cold
It seems as we begin it,
As we press on—lo! we behold
There's heaven in it.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

TWO LIVES.

Two youths from a village set out together
To seek their fortune the wide world through.
One cried: "Hurrah for autumn weather!"
The other sighed: "Winter is almost due!"
One failed, they said, for he never was thrifty,
Returned to the village, and laughed and loved.
The other succeeded, and when he was fifty
Had millions and fame, and the world approved.

But the failure was happy, his smile was a blessing,
The dogs and the children romped at his feet;

While from him who succeeded, though much possessing,
The little ones shrank when they chanced to meet.
One purchased respect by his lordly giving,
The other won love by his loving ways;
And, if either had doubts of his way of living,
It wasn't the one with humble days.

They never knew it, but both were teachers
Of deep life secrets, these village youths—
The one at a school where Facts are preachers,
The other of a world that worship Truths.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE LAND OF "MAKE BELIEVE."

It lies in the distance dim and sweet,
On the borders of Long Ago,
And the road is worn by the little feet
That have journeyed there to and fro;
And though you may seek it by night or day,
The task you will never achieve,
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe."

Clad in their armor of Faith they ride
On the wings of their fancy fleet,
And we hear, as we listen and wait outside,
The echo of laughter sweet;
It lightens the burdens of toil we bear,
It brightens the hearts that grieve,
Till we wish we could follow and enter there
In the land of "Make Believe."

And, oh, the wonderful tales that are told
Of the marvelous sights they see!
For the weak grow strong and the young grow old,
And are each what they wish to be.
Oh, the deeds of valor, the mighty things—
Too bold for mind to conceive!
But these are everyday happenings
In the land of "Make Believe."

Would you follow the print of the tiny feet?
You must walk as they, undefiled.
Would you join in their fancies pure and sweet?
You must be as a little child.
But in vain should we seek it by night or day,
The task we should never achieve;
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe."

—*Ida Goldsmith Morris, in Youth's Companion.*

THE MAGIC LETTER.

There was a little maiden once,
In fairy days gone by,
Whose every thought and every word
Always began with "I."
"I think," "I know," "I wish," "I say,"
"I like," "I want," "I will,"
From morn to night, from day to day,
"I" was her burden still.

Her schoolmates would not play with her;
Her parents tried in vain
To teach her better, and one day
Poor "I" cried out in pain.
"Help me, O fairies!" he besought;
"I'm worn to just a thread.
Do save me from this dreadful child,
Or I shall soon be dead!"

The fairies heard, and heeded, too.
They caught poor "I" away
And nursed him into health again
Through many an anxious day;
And in his place they deftly slipped
A broader, stronger letter.
"The more she uses that," they said,
With roguish smiles, "the better!"

The little maiden wept and sulked
At first, and would not speak;
But she grew tired of being dumb,
And so, within a week,
She used the substitute: and lo!
Her playmates crowded round,
Her parents smiled, and all were pleased
To hear this novel sound.

She grew to use it steadily
And liked it more and more;
It came to fill a larger place
Than "I" had done before;

And each year found the little maid
More kind and sweet and true.
What was the magic letter's name?
Why, can't you guess? 'Twas "U!"
—*Boston Beacon.*

FATE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

And the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon the rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.
—*Bret Harte.*

JANE JONES.

Jane Jones keeps a-whisperin' to me all the time,
An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons, an' work hard an' learn,
An' never be absent from school?
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he clumb up to the top;
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in the blacksmithing shop."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top
Is not never havin' no blacksmithing shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full of ambition and brain,
An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life—
An' see what he got for his pains.
He brought electricity out of the sky
With a kite an' the lightnin' an' key,
So we're owin' him more 'n anyone else
Fer all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she actually said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's allers been hinderin' me
Is not havin' any kite, lightnin' or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme;
An' all of the Spaniards an' Italians, too,
They laughed an' just said 'twas a dream;
But Queen Isabélla she listen'd to him,
An' pawned all her jewels o' worth,
An' bought 'im the Santa Marier 'n said:
"Go hunt up the rest of the earth."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, that may all be, but you must allow
They ain't any land to discover just now.
—*Ben King, in Southern Magazine.*

I MEANT TO.

"I did not rise at the breakfast bell,
But was so sleepy—I can't tell—
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in, I know,
But there's the school bell —I must go—
I meant to.

"My lesson I forgot to write,
But nuts and apples were so nice;
I meant to.

"I forgot to walk in on tiptoe;
O how the baby cries—oh, oh!
I meant to.

"There, I forgot to shut the gate,
And put away my book and slate.
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn,
My slate is broken, book is torn—"
I meant to.

Thus drawls poor, idle Jimmie Hite
From morn till noon, from noon till night.
I meant to.

And when he grows to be a man
He'll heedlessly mar every plan
With that poor plea: "I meant to."
—*Emma Cosand Stout.*

A LISTENING BIRD.

A little bird sat on an apple tree,
And he was as hoarse as hoarse could be;
He pruned and he prinked and he ruffled his throat,
But from it there floated no silvery note.
"Not a song can I sing," sighed he, sighed he;
"Not a song can I sing," sighed he.

In tremulous showers the apple tree shed
Its pink and white blossoms on his head;
The gay sun shone, and, like jubilant words,
He heard the gay song of a thousand birds.
"All the others can sing," he dolefully said;
"All the others can sing," he said

So he sat, and he drooped. But as far and wide
The music was borne on the air's warm tide,
A sudden thought came to the sad little bird,
And he lifted his head as within him it stirred.
"If I cannot sing I can listen," he cried;
"Ho! ho! I can listen!" he cried.
—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

WHEN JIM DIED.

When Jim died, all th' neighbors came from fur and near.
'Pears like to me they held him just as dear
As mother did an' me; fer they all came in to gaze
Once more on his calm, pale face, an' a sort o' haze
Seemed to settle on their eyes, fer I seen th' tears
A-tricklin' down their cheeks—maybe th' fust fer years—
When Jim died.

When Jim died, th' birds stopped singin' in th' trees,
Fer they missed him, you know; an' th' golden belted bees,
Flittin' o'er th' meadows, whispered to th' clover
It would kiss his bare, brown feet no more; an' th' plover
An' the kildee in th' rushes an' th' fen
Seemed ever to be callin' that he'd never come again—
When Jim died.

Jim was a curious chap—not like other boys;
He had his own way o' takin' life with its joys
An' sorrows; he loved birds an' flowers, an' I'll bet
He never as much as trod on a timid violet
That peeped shyly thro' th' grass. Like music of a flute
The birds sang to him, but their voices now are mute—
Since Jim died.

Since Jim died, 'pears like to me mother ain't so spry
As she used to be; there's a sadness in her eye
An' voice that sort o' cuts me to th' heart; for Jim
Had allus ben her pet sence he was born; she loved him
Better than the rest; he was her boy. She don't complain,
Mother don't, but then she's never been th' same
Since Jim died.
—*Rochester Post Express.*

BILL WAS THERE!

Bill was just a common sort,
Never dreamed of wealth nor fame;
Plodded on and didn't try
Schemes to set the world aflame;
Kept a-going all the time,
Busy here and everywhere;
When a task turned up to do,
Bill was there!

Never heard him whine around
'Cause things didn't go just so;
In the joy he whistled loud,
In the pain he whistled low;

Took things always as they came—
Never faltered—when things came,
Bill was there!

So he didn't make no stir;
Lived a quiet, busy life;
Lived a life that didn't have
Room for petty thoughts and strife.
He had simple work to do—
Wa'n't no call to do nor dare;
Just a constant watch, you know—
Bill was there!

Such a man as Bill drops out
And the world goes just the same;
Doesn't hear Death speak the word
When he calls him by the name.
Just the common, plodding sort—
Bill has certain gone to where
They'll remember how and when
Bill was there!

THREE THINGS.

Remember, three things come not back;
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill;

And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weep'st, in vain dost yearn;
Those three will nevermore return.

—*From the Arabic.*

TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse,
The one of them good and the other one bad,
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see, by my gift, within reach of my hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, the boughs hanging down
With apples of russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast,
See the men who are threshing the wheat on the floors,
And now the bright picture is past.

And I see, rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fiery red nose on his face
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers, now this way and that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

Now, which will you choose—to be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish,
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

I. DUNNO AND I. KNOWIT.

I. Dunno started out on a memorable trip,
With a valiant companion, I. Knowit;
"Let us feel our way slowly," says slow I. Dunno.
I. Knowit says, "Let us just go it!"
And one would go fast and one would go slow,
In this trip I. Knowit and slow I. Dunno.

I. Dunno picked his way, felt about with his cane,
And carefully tested the bridges;

I. Knowit rushed on like a late express train,
Over mountains and rivers and ridges;
He looked back and cried, "Get a move on, old slow!"
"Oh, I'll go my own jog," said old slow I. Dunno.

I. Knowit got tangled and lost in the swamp
And well-nigh submerged in the mire;
I. Dunno he found out, in his leisurely romp,
That the ground was too soft and went higher;
"I'll poke with my cane wherever I go,
And stub along easy," said slow I. Dunno.

I. Knowit crawled out all covered with mud,
And banged and battered with bruises;
Says he, "A fellow with fire in his blood
Can duff in just wherever he chooses."
" 'Tis better to go kinder mod'rate and slow,
And not get banged and battered," said slow I. Dunno

I. Dunno traveled slow, but he got far ahead
Of the rapid onrusher, I. Knowit.
I. Dunno still said, "Let us carefully tread,"
I. Knowit still said, "Let us go it."
I. Knowit brought up in the swamp of Dontcare;
I. Dunno reached the beautiful land of Getthere.

—*S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.*

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

Fair creature of a few short sunny hours,
Sweet guileless fay,
Whence flittest thou, from what bright world of flowers,
This summer day?

What quiet Eden of melodious song,
What wild retreat,
Desertest thou for this impatient throng,
This crowded street?

Why didst thou quit thy comrades of the grove
And meadows green?
What Fate untoward urges thee to rove
Through this strange scene?
Have nectared roses lost their power to gain
Thy fond caress?
Do woodbine blooms, with lofty scorn, disdain
Thy loveliness?

Oh, hie thee to the fragrant country air
And liberty!
The city is the home of toil and care—
No place for thee!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

"Good-by," I said to my conscience—
"Good-by for aye and aye."
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience,
And I long to see thy face."
But conscience cried: "I can not,
Remorse sits in my place."

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

LAD AND LASS.

Oh, lad and lass, the old earth spins away!
To-day is sweet, and sweet was yesterday;
To-morrow's dawn may rise up chill and gray—
Ah, lad and lass.

Ah. lad and lass, some day you will awake,
Stand hand to hand and feel the heart-strings break,
Drink sorrow from love's cup for old time's sake—
Ah, lad and lass.

Ah, lad and lass, the world is hard to read,
And none may tell what fruit shall crown the seed,
But hold forever to the old, old creed—
Ah, lad and lass.

—*New Budget.*

THE PRAYER.

I was in heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto the place where he
Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence chamber might be duly light;
For they were like to flowers of various bloom,
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgling rose,
And from the tangled press
Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart—and "This," I heard him say,
"Is for the Master"; so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him:
"Whence is this rose, O thou of cherubim
The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he said, and smiled,
"This is the first prayer of a little child,"

—*The Collected poems of T. E. Brown.*

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs; they study it with care.
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It is only when weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned.
Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well
And how happy the heart of the weaver is no tongue but his own can tell.
The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic web is done.
Weaving blindly, but surely, each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks; we can only weave and wait.
But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.
If he only keeps the face of our Savior forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.
And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master. It shall say to him, "Well done."
And the white-winged angels of heaven to bear him thence, shall come down;
And God for his wage shall give him, not coin, but a golden crown.

—*From a Tract Disseminated by the Roman Catholic Church.*

IF MOTHER KNEW.

If mother knew, how gladly would she ease the heartache and the pain,
How gently smooth the brow till this tired brain
Would feel a rest, and balmy sleep
Would come while still she'd keep
Her vigil, tireless, far into the night,
Though others passed me by with cut and slight.

If mother knew how much I long for her,
How day by day I find my judgment err,
And need her hourly more and more
To guide my steps and aid me, for
I feel I know so little of this life
Where selfishness and cruelty are rife.

If mother knew how much I'd give
To once more have my life to live
And ask forgiveness for the many tears
I made her shed in bygone years—
The many hours of sorow, too—
How gladly I'd her pardon sue
For all, and by my life I'd prove
Appreciation of a mother's love.

The Good and the Beautiful

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our price as we measure;
We can not do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We can not make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the things our life misses,
Help more than the things which it gets,
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing—and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or bith.

—*Alice Cary.*

HE IS A HERO.

He is a hero who, when sorely tried,
Hath yet a firm control
O'er all his passions, as they strongly rise
To battle with his soul.

The silent battle which the spirit fights,
Warring against desires
Unholy and impure, if right shall win,
To higher good inspires.

The soul that crucifies an evil thought;
That keeps a guarded gate
Of Christian love and brotherly good will
Between his soul and hate

Shall stand, in all his manliness and worth
As mightier than he
Who takes a city in his strength and pride,
Or boasteth vauntingly.

The shield of purity when nobly worn,
Where faith has been confessed,
Is stronger than the cunning coat of mail
Upon a warrior's breast.

He is a hero who to truth is true,
Though lowly and obscure,
Long after earthly honors fade away
His triumphs shall endure.

—*Annie Wall.*

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure,
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare,

But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave;
It matters little or naught to me,
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown.
It matters much!

—*From the Swedish.*

THREE THINGS.

Three things to admire:
Intellectual Power, Dignity, and Gracefulness.

Three things to love:
Courage, Gentleness, and Affection.

Three things to hate:
Cruelty, Arrogance, and Ingratitude.

Three things to delight in:
Frankness, Freedom, and Beauty.

Three things to wish for:
Health, Friends, and a Cheerful Spirit.

Three things to avoid:
Idleness, Loquacity, and Flippant Jesting.

Three things to pray for:
Faith, Peace, and Purity of Heart.

Three things to contend for:
Honor, Country, and Friends.

Three things to govern:
Temper, Tongue, and Conduct.

Three things to think about:
Life, Death and Eternity.

FATHER TAKE MY HAND.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O, Father, take my hand
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me, and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,
Then safe and blest
Lead up to rest,
Thy child!

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like song of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro.
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers and happiness
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun;
Beautiful goal, with race well won;
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over wornout hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

—*Ellen P. Allerton.*

WHEN GOD MADE YOU.

When God made you, His touch was one of love;
His molds were flawless and His clay was fine
And pure and white as His own throne above;
He filled your veins with blood like rich, red wine—
When God made you.

When God made you, He put into your eyes
A witching, winsome love-light just as deep
And blue and sweet as that in His own skies;
Ah, pity 'tis to veil such eyes in sleep—
When God made you.

When God made you He plucked the pinkest rose
That He could find in heaven's paradise,
And to your cheeks, before pure white-like snow,
The petals gave their blush in sacrifice—
When God made you.

When God made you He took the magic brush,
And to those matchless lips He gave a touch
Of fadeless carmine, warmed by blood's red rush,
Whose pressured caress could I feel too much—
When God made you.

When God made you He took a sunbeam's shaft,
And, crushing it into a dust of gold,
He threw it to the gentler winds to waft
It thro' the meshes of your hair's soft fold—
When God made you.

When God made you an angel, Cupid shot
A golden arrow swift across the skies;
It scarcely grazed your cheek, but there was wrought
A dimple far too sweet for mortal eyes—
When God made you.

When God made you He made you, sweet, for me,
Did not God know the future at your birth?
Unworthy as I am, my love for thee
Is deep and true, for well I know thy worth—
When God made you.

When God made you and made you, love, for me,
Think you that He will keep us long apart?
Ah, no! Our loves will ever greater be
Than they are now, when we have but one heart—
When God made you.

—*Newt Newkirk, in Ohio State Journal.*

MARY.

The sweetest name I've ever known
Is Mary.
The dearest girl, the one I own,
Is Mary.
When storms are threatening fierce and low,
When all is dark and mad winds blow,
My only refuge here below
Is Mary.
Who's always near me—tho' I'm wrong?
My Mary.
Who cheers me on with love and song?
Sweet Mary.
Who thinks I'm just as pure as gold,
And prays I'll soon be "in the fold,"
Who never thinks I'm growing old!
My Mary.
If a blessing's due to one on earth,
It's Mary's.
If a crown awaits e'en the lowliest birth,
It's Mary's.
Through all her life, tried and true.
Through all the years, she's been true blue,
And a fellow is blest, I think—don't you?
With a sister like Mary.

—*John W. Kinsella, in the Observer.*

THE MANLIEST ARE THE TENDEREST.

Do you deem it weak
That adown your cheek
The tears of affection fall?
Nay, the manliest heart
In the world's wide mart
Is the tenderest heart of all.

—*Kate M. Frayne.*

FOREVER.

Every golden beam of light
Leaves a shadow to the sight;
Every dewdrop on the rose
To the ocean's bosom goes.
Every star that ever shone
Somewhere has a gladness thrown.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.

Every link in friendship's chain
Forged another link again;
Every throb that love has cost
Made a heaven and was not lost.
Every look and every tone
Has a seed in memory sown.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.

Never yet a spoken word
But in echo it was heard;
Never was a living thought
But some magic it has wrought,
And no deed was ever done
That has died from under sun.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.

So, O soul, there's no farewell
Where souls once together dwell;
Have no fears, O beating heart,
There is no such word as part.
Hands that meet and closely clasp
Shall forever feel the grasp.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.

—*Annette Kohn, in the Independent.*

Miscellaneous

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I have heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto the blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty,—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman! naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! on to duty!
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and raidant bow.
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human,
Be not fashion's gilded lady—
Be a brave, whole-souled true woman.

THAR' WAS JIM.

Wildest boy in all the village,
Up to every wicked lark,
Happy at a chance to pillage
Melon patches in the dark.
Seemed a tarnal mischief breeder,
For in every wicked whim
Put your hand upon the leader—
Thar' was Jim.

He was eighteen when the summons
Come for Union volunteers,
And the fifn's and the drummin's
An the patriotic cheers
Made us with excitement dance, sir,
Even old men, staid and prim;
And among the fust to answer—
Thar' was Jim.

One day when the giner'l wanted
Volunteers to charge a place
Where the rebel banners flaunted
Impudently in our face,
Seemed as though the cannon's bellers
Hod no skeerishness for him,
For among the foremost fellers—
Thar' was Jim.

How we cheered 'em at the startin'
On that fearful charge they made,
For it seemed that death was sartin
In that fearful ambuscade.
Once the smoke riz up a-showin
Them as up the hill they clim',
An ahead and still a-goin
Thar' was Jim.

Git thar? Wal, yer just a-shoutin,
Nothing could have stopped them men;
Each one seemed a howlin demon
Chargin on a fiery pen.
Purty tough when next I found him ,
For his face was black and grim,
Dead, with dead men all around him—
Thar' was Jim.

—*Captain Jack Crawford.*

THE COUNTRY BOY.

You'd think, to hear the poets talk
About the country boy,
That his life was just made up of all
Earth's best and sweetest joy;
They talk about the buttercups,
The fragrant new-mown hay;
Well, I guess that I've been there myself,
And know as well as they.

'Tis easy sitting in the shade
Of "the grand old apple tree,"
To blow about the romance of
The farmer's life, you see;
But would they, like, those city chaps,
Who have so much to say,
In the burning heat and scorching sun
To load this fragrant hay?

And chores, upon the average farm,
They seem to never end;
The cows to milk, the wood to get,
The sheep and pigs to tend;
And jobs that are too mean for men,
Fall also to our share,
And yet they say the country boys
Are free from strife and care.

While they're riding in their coaches fine,
Or lounging on soft rugs,
The country boys are pulling weeds,
Or smashing tater bugs;
But of all mean jobs upon a farm,
And I can't mention half,
The meanest thing is trying to wean
A well-developed calf.

Of one thing more I wish to speak,
Which every boy knows well;
If a farmer chance to have a call
From a stylish city swell,
The best preserves the house affords
Are piled upon his plate,
While the boy who picked the fruit is left
To pout, and cuss, and—wait.

The time is passing quickly by,
The boys will soon be men,
And take revenge by using boys
As others have used them;
But I wish those chaps who write that stuff,
Misrepresenting boys,
Would tell the truth about the thing,
Or else shut up their noise.

—*Country Boy, in Ohio Farmer.*

CASTLE BUILDING.

"What are you building, darling?"
I asked my girlie fair,
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,
Piling her blocks with care,
While the ruddy glow of the firelight
Danced in her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"
My little maid replied.
"These are the walls around it,
And here is a gateway wide,
And this is the winding stair
To climb up by the side."

So the busy, flitting fingers
Went on with her pretty play,
And the castle walls were rising
In the fading winter day,
When—a sudden, luckless motion,
And all in ruins lay!

Ah, merry little builder,
The years with stealthy feet
May bring full many a vision
Of castles rare and sweet,
That end like your baby pastime—
In ruin said and fleet.

Yes, laugh o'er the toy walls fallen,
For sunshine follows rain,
And we may smile, looking backward
At ruined shrine and fane,
While the heart has shattered temples
It may not build aagin.

—*Our Continent.*

THE CHILDREN.

THE GIRL.

My mamma can make me a dress for my doll!
She can make me a tidy to hang on the wall!
She helps me set dinner with my tea set,
En she puts in my apron a pocket, you bet!
Oh, she makes me bouquets to put in my hair,
En she can fix ribbons on dresses I wear;
She dances with me and can play and sing,
Oh, my mamma can do nearly everything.

But my papa can't tie a bow knot for me,
He says it's a bother, an' he can't make it gee!
My mamma can make a little red hood,
En do lots o' things 'at my pa never could;
She can go in the stores and see everything,
En seldom or never bring home anything;
She can quiet the baby by just saying "boo!"
The wonderful things 'at my mamma can do.

THE BOY.

Oh the wonderful things my papa can do,
He can make me a house en a hobby-horse, too;
He can make me a kite en box en balloon,
En throw a base ball up as high as the moon;
En he can shoot marbles, oh awfully straight,
En draw funy pictures for me on my slate;
Oh en he can play clown an' dance all around,
En stand on his head right out on the ground.

Oh my ma can bake pies, oh awfully nice,
But never wants me to go skating on ice,
For she says it might break en then I'd fall in,
En get soppin' wet clean through to the skin;
She likes to have me sit around an' hold yarn,
En help her with baby when she's got to darn;
En oh she's so nice, but I just can tell you,
She can't do the things 'at my papa can do.

—*W. M. Fogarty.*

Indianapolis, Nov. 17.

INVENTORY OF A DRUNKARD.

A hut of logs without a door,
Minus a roof and ditto floor;
A clapboard cupboard without crocks,
Nine children without shoes or frocks,
A wife that has not any bonnet
With ribbon bows and strings upon it,
Scolding and wishing to be dead,
Because she has not any bread.

A tea-kettle without a spout,
A meat-cask with the bottom out.
A "comfort" with the cotton gone,
And not a bed to put it on;
A handle without any axe,
A hackle without wool or flax;
A pot-lid and a wagon hub,
And two ears of a washing tub.

Three broken plates of different kinds,
Some mackerel tails and bacon rinds;
A table without leaves or legs—
One chair and half a dozen pegs;
One oaken keg with hoops of brass,
One tumbler of dark-green glass;
A fiddle without any strings,
A gunstock and two turkey wings.

O readers of this inventory,
Take warning by its graphic story;
For little any man expects,
Who wears good shirts with buttoms on 'em,
Ever to put on cotton checks,
And only have brass pins to pin 'em!
'Tis, remember, little stitches
Keep the rent from growing great,
When you can't tell beds from ditches,
Warning words will be too late.

—*Alice Carey.*

POETICAL ANATOMY.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones of the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm two; two in each fore-arm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each; the knee-pan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each as in palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half-a-score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, all together, these many bones fix,
And they count in the body, two hundred and six.

And then we have, in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.
A Sesamond bone, or a Wormian, we call
And now we must rest, for we've told them all.

THREE AGES.

BOYHOOD.

Without a doubt or question I believe
The story of the Book from God received;
And when I learned upon my mother's knee
How Christ gave up His life on Calvary,
It seemed to me that every infidel
Deserved at least an everlasting hell.

YOUTH.

I knew it all. I called myself a muff
For having faith in that silly stuff;
I looked with pity on the ignorance
That could not see through humbug at a glance,
With pride I called myself an infidel,
And thought it funny to make joke on hell.

MANHOOD.

Without a doubt or question I believe
The story of the Book I now receive.
With feelings just the same as when I heard
My mother read with reverence God's Word.
A little thinking killed my faith, and then
Deep study brought me back to God again.

—*W. L. Riordan.*

THE ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

[Those who wish to fix in memory the succession of the sovereigns of England can easily do so by committing the following lines. It has been said of the first part, that it is not new, but useful; and it is thought the second part, though new and never having been printed before, may be useful also:]

First William, the Norman,
Then William, his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third;
Edwards, one, two and three,
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard—
If rightly I guess—
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotsman;
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles, too.

James Second, the exile,
Then Mary, his daughter,
And Willliam, her husband,
From over the water;

Next Anne, best woman and Queen,
Best ruler and wife
That England had seen.
George First, from Hanover,
First King of his line;
George Second, the next
Of this house from the Rhine;
The third of these Georges,
For his tax and oppressions
Was whipped by George Washington,
Though helped by the Hessians;
And left to George Fourth
His curtailed possessions.
Then William the Fourth, of Hanover, too,
Who, false to his wife,
To his country was true,
Who married poor Caroline
To beat her and kick her,
And dying at last, while his people
Sang "Gloria,"
Left the throne to his niece,
The Princess Victoria;
Since the Norman, fifth Queen
(Of the Kings they were peers),
Who ruled over England
In eight hundred years.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

First Washington, the truly great,
For eight years sailed the ship of state;
John Adams next; then Jefferson,
The latter for two terms came on.

Then Madison and then Munroe,
Each two terms served, I'd have you know.
Then J. Q. Adams served four years;
Then Jackson for two terms appears.

Van Buren next, called "Matty Van";
Then Harrison, one month's brief span.
John Tyler next; then Polk, James K.;
Then Taylor sixteen months bore sway.

Fillmore, the vice, succeeded him;
Then Franklin Pierce one term came in.
Then James Buchanan, until sixty-one
Saw civil war but just begun.

Then martyred Lincoln, elected twice,
Set free the slave—his life the price.
Then Andy Johnson the reins assumed;
Then Grant, two terms, the hero plumed.
Next Hayes; then Garfield, whose short life
Soon fell before the assassin's knife.
Then Arthur, his successor, came
Followed by Cleveland, of recent fame.

Ben Harrison the next we find;
Then Cleveland for the second time.
McKinley last of all we see,
The herald of prosperity.

—*Mineapolis Tribune.*

JOHNNY.

When Johnny spends the day with us,
you never seen the beat
O' all the things a-happenin' in this ole
house an' street.

Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry
door an' cellar,
An' ev'ry place that's like as not to interest a feller.
An' all her chiny ornyments, a-stickin'
'round the wall,
She sets as high as she kin reach, for fear
they'll git a fall.
An' then she gits the arnicky an' stickin'
plaster out,
An' says, "When Johnny's visitin'
they're good to have about."
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, pa
puts his books away
An' says, "How long, in thunder, is that
noosance goin' to stay?"
He brings the new lawn mower up an'
locks it in the shed,
An' hides his strop an' razor 'tween the
covers on the bed.
He says, "Keep out that liberry, whatever else you do,
Er I shall have a settlement with you an'
Johnny, too!"
Says he, "It makes a lot o' fuss
To have him spend the day with us!"

When Johnny spends the day with us, the
man acrost the street
Runs out an' swears like anything, an'
stamps with both his feet,

An' says he'll have us 'rested 'cause his winder glass is broke,
An' if he ever ketches us it won't be any joke!
He never knows who done it, 'cause there's no one ever 'round,
An' Johnny, in particular, ain't likely to be found.
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, the cat gits up an' goes
A-scootin' 'crost a dozen lots to some ole place she knows.
The next-door children climb the fence an' hang around for hours,
An' bust the hinges off the gate an' trample down the flowers,
An' break the line with Bridget's wash and muddy up the cloze,
An' Bridget she gives warnin' then—an' that's the way it goes—
A plenty noise an' plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

—*Elizabeth Sylvester, in the Century Magazine.*

BETTER THINGS.

Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle heart than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in good than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening state;
Better to suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

—*George MacDonald.*

THE MINUET.

Grandma told me all about it—
Told me, so I couldn't doubt it—
How she danced—my grandma danced!
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
Turning out her little toes;
How she slowly leaned and rose—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!—
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago—
Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—
Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago—
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow—
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says, but boys were charming—

Girls and boys I mean, of course—
Long ago.'
Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago?

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago;
No, they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in stately way
Long ago."

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

OUR ARGUMENTS FOR TEMPERANCE.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
At the rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was pure as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can talk of banquet and revel and mirth,
Where the proudest and grandest sons on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight;
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the height of fame I have hurled men down.
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And have sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, Behold! how great you be;
Wealth, fame, strength, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.
Oh, oh, pale brother, laughed the wine,
Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?

Said the water glass:
I cannot boast of a king dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
At the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—*Selected.*

IN GRANDMAMMA'S TIME.

Back in the Golden Olden days,
When very stiff brocade,
Stays, patches, powder, paint and hoops
Bedight each blooming maid,
My grandmamma, upon a time,
A bright Thanksgiving day,
All in her best, with winsome zest,
Thanksgiving games did play.

'Twas "Roll the Plate," 'twas
"Blindman's Buff,"
'Twas merry "Hunt the Slipper,"
And if the sport was something rough,
The belles and beaux were chipper.
In each she played with grandpapa—
A gay young sprig of fashion—
Yet his rich waistcoat hid a heart
Brimful of tender passion.

Of tender passion all unspoke
Until they heard the fiddle—
"Roger de Coverley" it played—
They started down the middle;
Right! Left! Bow! Swing!—and ever swing,
Then back to place with "setting."
Perhaps their fingers did not cling,
Dame Gossip's eye forgetting.

'Twas as they clung he found his tongue—
The fiddle still played cheerly—
While soft he said, "Sweet maid! Sweet maid!
You know I love you dearly."

* * * * * * *

Still—in a frame—she blooms and smiles—
I think she still hears clearly,
When fiddles play, Thanksgiving Day,
"Sweet maid, I love you dearly."

—*Martha McCulloch-Williams, in Collier's Weekly.*

THE LITTLE BIRDIE TELLS.

It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a feller does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! Wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what to say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

LIFE IN SIX ACTS.

BABY.

Sighing, crying night and day;
Winking, blinking, full of play.

BOY.

Fooling, schooling, getting tall;
Growing, rowing, playing ball.

YOUTH.

Fussing, mussing over a tie;
Larking, sparking on the sly.

MANHOOD.

Cooing, wooing future wife;
Gushing, blushing, tired of life.

MIDDLE AGE.

Slaving, craving, hoarding wealth;
Driving, striving, broken health.

OLD AGE.

Ailing, failing day by day;
The undertaker ends the play.
—*National Educator.*

GROWING OLD.

At six—I well remember when—
I fancied all folks old at ten.

But, when I'd turned my first decade,
Fifteen appeared more truly staid.

But, when the fifteenth round I'd run,
I thought none old till twenty-one.

Then, oddly, when I'd reached that age,
I held that thirty made folks sage.

But when my thirtieth year was told,
I said, "At two-score men grow old!"

Yet two-score came and found me thrifty,
And so I drew the line at fifty.

But when I reached that age, I swore
None could be old until three-score!

And here I am at sixty now,
As young as when at six, I trow!

'Tis true, these rogues about my knee
Say "Grandpa" when they speak to me;

But, bless your soul, I'm young as when
I thought all people old at ten!

Perhaps a little wiser grown—
Perhaps some old illusions flown;

But wond'ring still, when years have rolled,
When is it that a man grows old?

STORY-BOOK BOYS.

Fellows in stories do wonderful things,
Circumvent robbers and hobnob with kings,
Then when they're needed they happen around
To save youthful millionaires, pretty near drowned.
Fellows in stories, as sure as you're born,
Look upon danger with withering scorn,
Slay stalwart pirates with small pocket-knives,
Do everything "at the risk of their lives."

Fellows in stories find rocks on the track,
Save huge express trains from ruin and wrack,
Always wear shirts of a bright scarlet hue—
No other shade for a signal would do.
Fellows in stories stop runaway steeds,
Do any number of marvelous deeds;
Often discover a dynamite plot,
Go and explode it as likely as not.

Fellows in stories make villains to quail,
Know how to follow an Indian's trail,
Find gold and diamonds hid in the rocks,
Then "strike it rich" with a very few knocks.
Fellows in stories that clerk in a store
Save their employers a million or more,
Get to be partners while still in their teens,
Put in the savings bank most of their means.

Fellows in stories are kidnaped for gold,
Make their escape through a strategy bold,
Leap from one danger right into another,
Find in a dungeon a runaway brother.
Fellows in stories run often to sea;
Never get seasick—now, how can that be?
Soon become captains and strut on the decks,
Rescue their hundreds from opportune wrecks.

I am a fellow who never was brave,
Never saw one that I needed to save,
Pirates and robbers don't travel my way,
Might hunt for gold mines until I was gray.
Once, through vacation, I worked in a store,
Earned forty dollars, just that and no more;
Yes, I was watchful, but so was the boss;
Never could save him a cent's worth of loss.

Nothing heroic in chopping up wood,
Nothing heroic in just being good.
It pleases mother, that's worth while to me;
I'm not a story-book fellow, you see.

THE WAY OF IT.

The wind is awake, little leaves, little leaves,
Heed not what he says—he deceives, he deceives;
Over and over
To the lowly clover
He has lisped the same love and pledged himself true,
As he'll soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad, dainty maid, dainty maid.
Beware his soft words—I'm afraid, I'm afraid
He's said them before
Times many a score,
Ay, he died for a dozen ere his beard pricked through,
As he'll soon be dying, my pretty, for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind;
One to deceive
And one to believe—
That is the way of it, year by year;
But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

—*Century.*

JOLLY WINTER WEATHER.

Blow, blow; snow, snow,
Everything is white.
Sift, sift; drift, drift,
All the day and night.

Squealing pig, paths to dig,
Hurry out of bed;
Rub your nose, warm your toes,
Fetch along the sled.

Red-cheek girls, wavy curls,
School house down the lane;
Fingers tingle, sleigh-bells jingle,
Jack Frost come again.

Hurrah! hurrah! now for war;
Build the white fort high;
Steady aim wins the game;
See the snowballs fly.

Setting sun, day is done,
Round the fire together;
Apples rosy, this is cozy,
Jolly winter weather.

VEGETABLE POETRY.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth;
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.
The onion traveled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain;
Garlic from Sicily obtain;
Spinach in far Syria grows;
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichokes sent o'er,
And southern Europe's sea coast shore
Beet root on us bestows.
When 'Lizabeth was reigning here
Peas came from Holland and were dear.
The South of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt;
But turnips, carrots and sea kale,
With celery so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land;
And cabbages—a goodly tribe,
Which abler pens might well describe—
Are also ours, I understand.
—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

MY CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.

Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolicsome, not frantic;
This must be he.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.

Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HEALTH ALPHABET.

The following curious piece of sanitary poetry was printed with the menu of the dinner of the sanitary convention at Philadelphia:

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly and chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments should never be made too tight;
Homes should be healthy, airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep the rooms always tidy and clean;
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;
Now, to open the windows be ever your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember, the young can not thrive without light;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and clean;
Use your nose to find if there is a bad drain;
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league;
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

What is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow—
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose stuck in a dead man's breast—
This is the World's fame at the best!

What is Fame? and what is Glory?
A dream—a jester's lying story
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch—nonentity;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever
O'er hilltop to more distant height,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by foul conceit,
In very sooth itself a cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-bandied name—
Aye, this is Glory!—this is Fame!

—*William Motherwell.*

THE NEW GIRLS.

I grow old, and my hair graws gray;
The wrinkles keep coming in, day by day;
I grow gray, and I grow old,
And the years they mark me with wrinkle and fold;
The seasons come and the seasons go,
With the turn of the sun and the chill of the snow;
The years slip away and the back grows bent,
And friends to the World of Friends are sent,
And life grows grizzled. But, thank the Lord!—
Abundant in mercies is spread His board!—
Whatever may fail as the years run through,
The crop of the girls is always new.

Every day of every year
That crop is certain and sure to appear.
The world never gets to such a pass
That some of them aren't coming in to grass;
And there's nothing sweeter, I'll give my guess,
Than a girl just into her first long dress,
With her pigtails turned into done-up hair—
And the blushing smile that she has to wear
When her first real beau takes off his hat—
What's in the garden to match with that?
Be glad, O World, that whatever you do,
The crop of girls is always new!

Nina, Bettina, Sally and Fan,
Barbara, Jenny, Bertha and Ann,
Nancy, Harriet, Millicent, Prue,
Clara, Alice, Margaret, Lou,
Elinor, Mary, Ruth and Sue—
All the old names of my days of dew,
And just as pretty and sweet and fair
As in the days when I used to be there—
No! — not exactly! — not quite! — not quite! —
My lot could beat them clear out of sight—
But there's nothing to grumble at, though, for you
While the crop of girls is always new!

—*H. C. Bunner.*

BLINDFOLDED AND ALONE I STAND.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best is gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill,
Not as we will."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

Lock your hearts up well to-day,
There's a rascal thief about;
Throw the precious key away
If you'd keep him out.

He's a master of deceit,
He's a flatterer, and so
He will call you all that's sweet—
Which you are, I know.

All his tricks and wiles he'll try,
Tempting you as best he can;
He is such a shrewd and sly,
Clever little man.

Hidden in his burglar's kit,
Well he knows that safe in there
Is the very key to fit—
Sweetheart, have a care!

Yet I may as well confess;
Love is what he calls this key,
And his name is Cupid—yes,
And he comes from me.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman, in Smart Set.*

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

Years and years and years agone,
When you were seven and I was five,
We used to sit on the garden wall,
Clinging together lest we should fall,
Wondering how to get down alive!

Years and years and years gone by,
When you were little and I was small,
We played together, you and I,
And sobbed and kissed as we said "good-bye,"
There at the gate in the garden wall.

Years and years and years have past,
And you are pretty and I am tall,
And we meet once more by the garden gate;
But we don't kiss now, we're grand and great;
We bow and curtsey with lots of state—
It isn't so pleasant after all.

SHORTEM SHY AND HERBERT SPENCER.

Shortem Shy plays 'round my knee
While I read Herbert Spencer;
But still the more I read and read
My ignorance grows denser;
For Shortem Shy decries my taste
And tells me every minute,
"Say, papa, I don't like that book;
There ain't no lions in it."

Now, Herbert Spencer is a great,
A world-compelling thinker;
No heavy plummet line of truth
Goes deeper than his sinker.
But one man reads his work way through
For thousands that begin it.
They leave one-half the leaves uncut—
"There ain't no lions in it."

The age-old errors in their den
Does Herbert Spencer throttle,
And ranks with Newton, Bacon, Kant
And ancient Aristotle.
The mighty homage of the few—
These towering giants win it;
The millions shun their hunting ground—
"There ain't no lions in it."

I leave this metaphysic swamp,
Thick grown with sturdy scions,
And roam the Meadows of Romance
With Shortem and his lions.
He brings his gaudy Noah's Ark book
And begs me to begin it;
"Better than Hubbut Pencer book,
That ain't no lions in it.

"Now wead about the efalunt
So big he scares the people;
An' wead about the kangerwoo
Who jumps up on the 'teeple."
So I take up the Noah's Ark book
And sturdily begin it,
And read about the "efalunts"
And lions that are in it.

Shortem will grow in soberness,
His life become intenser;
Some day he'll drop his "efalunts"
And take up Herbert Spencer.
But life can have no happier years
Than glad years that begin it,
And life sometimes grows dull and tame
That has no lions in it.

—*S. W. Foss.*

THE UNDERLAND.

When I was, oh, so much smaller,
And so much nearer the ground,
The dear, queer things I could hear and see!
The wonderful things I found!
I mined on the mole-hill mountains,
I toiled in the valleys of sand,
And the gems untold and the pebble-gold
I shut away in my hand!

When I was, oh, so much smaller,
Wherever I chanced to pass
I saw the ants and the little brown bugs
Climb up on the blades of grass!
I traveled, I and the little brown bugs,
Through a forest vast and sweet,
Whose shadowy glades I know no more,
Because it is under my feet!

When I was, oh, so much smaller,
And so much nearer the floor,
The leagues of its carpet prairie!
The flowers that scattered it o'er!
The house—what a boundless kingdom!
What mysteries came and went!
Each chair was a wayside boulder,
Each table a spreading tent!
The lamps were moons hung in heaven,
And the big folks giant-high;
Away up on father's shoulder
I could reach clear into the sky!

I'm glad I am coming up taller!
We can't stay close to the ground!
Yet I think, oh, often and often,
Of the wonderful things I found!

Of the hills, and the wonderful valleys,
Of the byways, memory-sweet,
The land that I left behind me
When I grew away from my feet!
—*Catharine Young Glen, in the Youth's Companion.*

THE CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

We ask where the magic came from
That made her so wondrous fair,
As she stood with the sunlight touching
Her gloss of golden hair.
And her blue eyes looked toward heaven,
As though they could see God there.
"Hush," said the child; "can't you hear it,
The music that's everywhere?"

God help us, we could not hear it;
Our hearts were heavy with pain;
We heard men toiling and wrangling,
We heard the whole world complain;
And the sound of a mocking laughter
We heard again and again,
But we lost all faith in the music—
We had listened so long in vain.

"Can't you hear it?" the young child whispered,
And sadly we answered, "No.
We might have fancied we heard it
In the days of long ago;
But the music is all a delusion;
Our reason has told us so,
And you will forget that you heard it
When you krow the sound of woe."

Then one spoke out from among us
Who had nothing left to fear;
Who had given his life for others,
And been repaid with a sneer.
And his face was lit with a glory,
And his voice was calm and clear,
And he said, "I can hear the music
Which the little children hear."
—*F. M. Owen.*

TRIBULATIONS.

She was the prettiest girl, I ween,
That mortal eye had ever seen;
Her name was Annabel Christine,
Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline,
Her bangs were curled with bandoline,
Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine,
Her face was touched with coaline,
Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline,
She wore a dress of grenadine
Looped o'er a skirt of brilliantine;
Her petticoat was bombazine,
Her foot was shod with a kid bootine,
Her wounds were healed with cosmoline;
She sailed away from Muscatine
In a ship they called a brigantine;
She flirted with a gay marine
Till they reached the republic Argentine,
Where they were married by a dean
And lived on oleomargarine;
Also the mild tin clad sardine,
And did disturb the Boston bean
When boiled and served in a soup tureen.
Salt pork they ate, both fat and lean,
When garnished round with parsley green;
And likewise lobster coraline,
With lemons sliced its form to screen.
In short, they lived a king and queen,
In manhood's pride and beauty's sheen,
For on them there was nothing mean.
His looks and language were serene,
He wore a coat of velvetine.
She kept her parlor neat and clean,
Her favorite dye was aniline;
She rocked the cradle by machine,
And named the baby Josephine,
Yet never was a brighter scene
Than when that girl, at sweet sixteen,
Entered the room with haughty mien.
—*Hartford Times.*

THE MERRIE PLOWBOY.

Now the merrie plowboy hiketh
Down the back stairs on a jump,
To the bar of soap alluring
In the basin by the pump.
Then he springeth to the stable
Where he cutteth up the feed,
For the patient cattle waiting
And the old rheumatic steed.

Then he chocketh down his fodder—
Pork in fat and overdone;
Snatched up the soggy biscuit
Which he eateth on the run.
How he humpeth on the harness
In a momentary jiff
On the framework of the horses
That are standing sore and stiff.

He surmounteth lady fashion
On the off nag very prim—
Ah, to sitteth there a-straddle
Meaneth splitting limb from limb.
Where the suckers waiteth eager
In the mill dam there below,
Casteth he with wistful longing
Glances full of tears and woe.

Then he turneth up the furrow—
And the angle wormlet, he,
Squirmeth there in all his glory
In abandon gay and free.
And the plowboy's perturbation
Aireth words a-full of woe—
"It's dern tough to be a plowin'
When the fish are bitin' so!"

DOLLARS AND CENTS.

I'll write you a ballad on dollars and cents,
Every line shall be perfectly true;
And I'm writing these verses on purpose, my friend,
To present a few home truths to you.

A quarter looks small when you're out with "the boys,"
Fifty cents or a dollar soon goes,
And a ride on a car or a beer is but five,
Which is "nothing—as every one knows."
If you squander a quarter each day of your life,
Though it may seem remarkably queer,
If you'd put it away in the bank you would have $91.25
In a year.

But a quarter a day isn't half what you waste,
If you count your occasional sprees;
What you waste will well pay for your board and your clothes.
And the rest you can save if you please.

So shut off your treating and walk when you can,
And give up the excitements you've craved,
And you'll be quite surprised at the end of the year
At the tidy amount you have saved.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.

'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise bestowed his last bequest.
"Mother, I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly on. Oh! tell me, is this death?

"Mother, your hand;
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?
Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught me!

"Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet;
You'll miss me there.
Father, I am going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do never come.

"I must be happy then
From pain and death you say I shall be free,

That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.
Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

"Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!

"Sister, my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be far away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

"Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night. I'm weary, and must sleep,
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon?"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring;
He breathed it not; the laugh of passers-by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But wakened not his slumber. *He was dead.*
Lo! *He was dead.*

WHAT'S IN A SMILE?

What's in a smile?—ah, much I find,
A smile can soothe, or pain the mind;
A smile's an index of the soul;
Try then thy muscles to control.

The smile of scorn—I've felt its power;
What is there harder to endure?
I've read it in the maiden's face,
The *scornful* smile my eye can trace.

The smile of hate—that I can bear;
For smiles of foes, I do not care;
The smile of pride, my spirit grieves,
The smile of love, my heart relieves.

There's meaning always in a smile;
The trusting heart it *may* beguile;
Love, hate, contempt, or pride, I trace,
"Fair lady" in thy smiling face.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace with a pen of fire
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—*'tis human love!*
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand
When man's best monuments wear fast away.
The law of Heaven is *love*—and though its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profan'd
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still, the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, can we see
The lavish measure in which love is giv'n.
And in the yearning tenderness of a child,
For every bird that sings above its head;
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower, and running brook,
We see how everything was made to love,
And how they err, who in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.

Old Sayings and Oddities

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play;
Where there is a will there is always a way.

There is no use of crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes oft to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their due;
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half a loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ALPHABETICAL RHYME.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study Nature with his I's
And think as what he C's.

He hears the clatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And Z's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops, he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

—*Whitehall Times.*

IDIOSYNCRASIES.

The idiosyncrasies of the English language are no better illustrated than in the following doggerel which is sailing around the newspapers:

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
The plural of goose is not gooses nor geeses;

And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, and not mouses.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,
But the plural of house should be houses, not hice;
And foot, it is true, is the plural of feet,
But the plural of root should be roots and not reet.

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

The wrong pig by the ear; still waters run deep;
There is in each flock a very black sheep.
No fool like an old fool; a hard row to hoe;
A straw shows the way the wind chanceth to blow.
Where smoke is there's fire; no news is good news;
Ill news travels fast and a beggar can't choose.
Whatever's worth doing is worth doing well;
If you give him an inch he'll take surely an ell.
'Tis the last straw that breaks camel's back; hit or miss;
Wisdom is folly when ignorance is bliss;
Save at the spigot and lose at the bung;
A man can not drown who is born to be hung.
Little pitchers have big ears; as thin as a rail;
In the dark are all cats black; as slow as a snail.
As proud as a peacock; as meek as a lamb;
As pretty as a picture; as old as a clam.
Set a thief to catch thief; barking dogs never bite;
Easy come, easy go, and two wrongs make no right.
Same old two-and-sixpence; both tarred by same stick;
Fine feathers make fine birds; a hint beats a kick.
Butter won't melt in his mouth; give and take;
The devil his own loves; hard lines; make or break.
Actions speak louder than words; kill or cure;
Good intentions pave hell; to the pure all is pure.
When in doubt take the trick; look first e'er you leap;
Take time by the forelock; catch a weasel asleep.
Every man for himself, and the devil for us all.
When the blind lead the blind in the ditch tumble all.
He eats humble pie; drowning men at straws clutch;
Too big for his buttons; it just beats the Dutch;
Making mountains of mole hills; still pig gets most swill;
Blood's thicker than water; each Jack has his Jill.
Slow and sure; fast and loose; hail fellow well met;
All things are fish that come into his net.
Soft answer turns wrath; every dog has his day;
Where there is a will there is always a way.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.*

THE SPELLING MATCH.

Ten little children standing in a line,
"F-u-l-y, fully," then there were nine.

Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,
"C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.

Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven,
"B-u-s-s-y, busy," then there were seven.

Seven grave heads, shaking in an awful fix,
"L-a-i-d-y, lady," then there were six.

Six eager darlings, determined each to strive,
"D-u-t-i-e, duty," then there were five.

Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more,
"S-c-o-l-l-a-r, scholar," then there were four.

Four mouths like rosebuds on a red rose tree,
"M-e-r-y, merry," then there were three.

Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true,
"O-n-l-e-y, only," then there were two.

Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run,
"T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.

One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun,
"H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was won.

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as Crœsus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door-nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As firm as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

AN UNILITERAL POEM.

In a volume of poems, "Songs of Singularity," by the Landon Hermit, recently published in England, is the following specimen of alliteration. It is supposed to be a serenade in M flat, sung by Maj. Marmaduke Muttonhead to Mademoiselle Madeline Mendazo Marriot:

My Madeline! My Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans,
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur "Madeline."

Muster 'mid midnight masquerade,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons mien,
'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine;
My mournfulness's magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!

Match-making ma's machinate,
Maneuvering misses me misween;
Mere money may make many mate
My magic motto's—"Madeline."

Melt, most mellifluous meloldy
'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine,
Meet me by moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia!—Madeline.
—*New York Tribune.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair;
I love a hart with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To pare a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
To tear away the tares.
All rays raise thyme, time razes all;
And through the whole, hole wears.
A writ, in writing "right" may write
It "wright" and still be wrong—
For "wright" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to write belong.
Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.
The person lies who says he lies
When he is but reclining;
And when consumptive folks recline,
They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm,
A bough don't bow before it,
We can not reign the rain at all,
No earthly power reigns o'er it.
A dyer dies a while, then dies;
To dye he's always trying
Until, upon his dying bed,
He thinks no more of dyeing.
The son of Mars mars many a son;
All deys must have their days,
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one can not be won.
The spring springs forth in Spring, and shoots,
Shoots forward one and all;
Though Summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in Fall.
I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

WANTED.

A hat for the head of a fountain,
A glove for the hand of fate,
A shoe for the foot of a mountain,
A link from the chain of debate.

A spoke from the wheel of fortune,
A chip from the "pole" of the South,
A drink from the fountain of knowledge,
A word from the river's mouth.

A drop from the cup of sorrow,
A look from the face of the storm,
A stroke from the arm of justice,
A ring for the finger of scorn.

A knock at the door of repentance,
A throb from the ocean's heart.
A glance from the eye of a needle,
From Cupid's bow a dart.

A piece of the Rock of Ages.
A plume from the wing of Time,
Some milk of human kindness,
And I have done my rhyme.
—*Ellen M. Nave.*

CHESTNUTS SET TO RHYME.

Oh, what makes the chimney sweep?
And why did the codfish ball?
And why, oh, why did the peanut stand?
And what makes the evening call?

Oh, why should the baby farm?
And why does the mutton chop?
Can you tell me what makes the elder-blow?
Or what makes the ginger pop?

Say why does the terrible bed spring?
And why does the saddle-horse fly?
Or what makes the pillow slip?
And why do the soap boilers lye?

What made the monkey wrench?
Or why should the old mill dam?
And who did the shoemaker strike?
Or why did the raspberry jam?

Or why should a tree bark?
And what makes the wind howl?
Can you tell me what makes the snow ball?
Or what makes the chimney foul?
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

OLD SAYINGS.

As blunt as a beetle,
As sharp as a lance,
As grave as a preacher,
As gay as a dance,
As late as the gloamin',
As like as two peas,
As crook'd as a ram's horn,
As round as a cheese.

As flat as a flounder,
As sticky as gum,
As wide as a common,
As tight as a drum.
As white as a miller,
As black as a crow,
As lean as a greyhound,
As bent as a bow.

As frail as a bandbox,
As stout as an oak,
As queer as a quaker,
As game as a cock,
As cute as a lawyer,
As square as a die,
As keen as a razor,
As warm as a pie.

As drunk as a piper,
As sober as a judge,
As clean as a shaving,
As filthy as smudge,
As swift as an arrow,
As slow as a snail,
As blithe as a linnet,
As right as the mail.

—*Glasgow Herald.*

A LITERARY ODDITY.

The Brewers should to Malta go,
The Boobies all to Sicily,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The Furriers to Chili.

The little snarling, carroling "babes,"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lapland, or to Brest.

From Spit-head Cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the Miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine bibblers to Burgundy,
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the Bay of Fun-dy.

Batchelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man;
Let Gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And Shoeblacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate—and misplaced men
Will here no longer vex us;
And all who aint provided for
Had better go to Texas.

THE TRAIN.

Hark!
It comes?
It bumbs!
With ear to the ground
I catch the sound,
The warning courier-roar
That runs long before,
The pulsing struggling now is clearer!
The hillside echo. "Nearer, nearer."
Till like a drove of rushing, frightened cattle,
With dust and wind and clang and shriek and rattle,
Passes the Cyclops of the train!
I see a fair face at a pane—
Like a piano-string
The rails unburdened sing
The white smoke flies
Up to the skies;
The Sound
Is Drowned—
Hark!

COURTSHIP BY NOTE.

A Major loved a maiden so,
His warlike heart was soft as Do.

He oft would kneel to her and say:
"Thou art of life my only Re.

"Ah! if but kinder thou would'st be,
And sometimes sweetly smile on Mi!

"Thou art my life, my guiding star,
I love thee near, I love thee Fa.

"My passion I can not control,
Thou art the idol of my Sol."

The maiden said: "Oh, fie! ask pa;
How can you go on thus? Oh, La!"

The Major rose from bended knee,
And went her father for to Si.

A POEM FROM BIBLE TEXTS.

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix; 19.
Cling in thy grief,	Heb. xii; 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. vii; 11.
He gives relief;	Ps. cxvi; 6.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi; 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. iv; 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thess. v; 23.
He will sustain.	Ps. iv; 24.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii; 25.
Cling to thy woe,	Ps. lxxxvi; 7.
Cling to the Living One,	1 John iv; 16.
Through all below,	Rom. vii; 38-39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	John xiv; 27.
He speaketh peace,	John xiv; 23.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv; 25.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxvii; 27.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John ii; 27.
Cling to His side,	John xx; 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi; 9.
In Him abide;	John xv; 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii; 20.
Hope shall arise,	Titus ii; 20.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvii; 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi; 11.

HUMORS OF LITERARY NAMES.

Pray, what did T. Buchanan Read?
  At what did E. A. Poe?
What volumes did Elizur Wright?
  And where did E. P. Roe?

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
  Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
  And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Lawrence Sterne? Was Hermaan Grimm?
  Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
  And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and is J. R. Green?
Chief Justice Taney quite?
Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
  Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
  John Suckling vealy? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
  Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
  Did C. D. Warner? How?
At what did Andrew marvel so?
  Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
  Or Richard Boyle beside?
What gave the wicked Thomas Paine?
  And made Mark Akenside?

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
  Did Richard Steele I ask?
Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
  Did William Ware a mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at Home?
  John Horne Tooke what and when?
Is Gorden Cumming? Has G. W.
  Cabled his friends again?

—*Mary Packard Rollins.*

EIGHT-WORD POEMS.

A novel competition was recently gotten up by a London journal, called Answers, in which prizes were offered for

the best eight-word poems. The editor desired 1,500, and received 15,000. Here are some of the best:

HIS REMEDY.

Noble earl,
Lost bets;
'Murrican girl
Title gets.

—

WE'VE SPARED IT.

Little poem,
Lacks fire;
Sent back—
Kitchen fire.

—

JILTED.

Brain whirl;
Madly jealous;
My girl
Other fellow's.

—

THE COLOR WAS NOT FAST.

Lady bold;
Hair gold;
Rain—alack!
Hair black.

—

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Angler firm,
Little worm;
Silly fish,
Dainty dish.

—

HIS DESTINATION.

Hunter, bear,
Struggling pair.
Man inferior;
Gone interior.

—

NATURAL.

Boating excursion,
Sudden immersion.
Rescue effected;
Wedding expected!

—

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Stony broke,
Meager fare:
Patent soap,
Millionaire!

SAD FATE.

Forest glen,
Lion's den.
Savage tones,
Rags, bones.

—

FALSE!

Lovely girl,
Golden hair:
Windy whirl,
Tresses—where?

CRISS CROSS.

If you stick a stick across a stick
Or stick a cross across a stick
Or cross a stick across a stick
Or stick a cross across a cross
Or cross a cross across a stick
Or cross a cross across a cross
Or stick a cross stick across a stick
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Would that be an acrostic?

—*Christian Union.*

YOU.

The Chinaman praiseth his T's,
The mandarin praiseth his Q.
The gardener praiseth his turnips and P's,
But I praise U.

The mariner loveth the C's,
The billiardist loveth his Q,
The husbandman loveth his cattle and B's,
But I love U.

The foolish have need of the Y's,
The actor needeth his Q,
The pilot hath need of two excellent I's,
But I need U.

The hunter seeketh the J's,
The shepherd seeketh his U,
The college boys seek their final "B-A's,"
But I C Q.

—*April St. Nicholas.*

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Ten weary, foot-sore travelers,
  All in a woful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
  One dark and stormy night.

"Nine beds, no more," the landlord said,
  "Have I to offer you;
To each of eight a single room,
  But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
  Could only scratch his head;
For of those tired men no two
  Could occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
  He was a clever man—
And to place all his guests devised
  This most ingenious plan:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I

In room marked A two men were placed;
  The third he lodged in B;
The fourth to C was then assigned;
  The fifth retired to D;

In E the sixth he tucked away,
  In F the seventh man;
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
  And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,
  Had laid two travelers by,
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
  He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
  Were made to serve for ten,
And this it is that puzzles me,
  And many wiser men.

Sense and Nonsense

LITTLE LIZETTE.

As little Lizette was out walking one day,
Attired with great splendor in festal array,
She met little Gretchen, in sober hued gown,
With a basket of eggs trudging off to the town.

"Good morning! Good morning!" cried little Lizette,
"You haven't been over to visit me yet.
Come over and live with me always, pray do,
For I have no sisters; how many have you?"

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. Lizette cried, "Ah, me!
I have to pretend I have sisters, you see.
But try as I will, I can't make it seem true.
And I have no brothers. How many have you?"

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. "Nine!" echoed Lizette,
"Why, you are the luckiest girl I have met!
And have you a baby at home; tell me now?"
"Nein," answered wee Gretchen, and made a droll bow.

Then lingered Lizette by the roadside that day,
To watch the wee maiden go trudging away.
"Nine brothers, nine sisters, nine babies to pet,
Oh, I wish I was Gretchen!" sighed little Lizette.

—*Katherine S. Alcorn.*

THE WAY IT STRUCK HER.

A little ragged orphan girl, who ne'er
Had had a home, nor known a parent's care,
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,
Was taken from the city far away,
With others of her kind, one summer day,
To look upon the ocean. At the sight
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave delight.
And some one said, "I wonder what can be
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea?"
She heard the words and quickly turned her head,
And in low tones, "I's thinkin' ma'am," she said,
"I's glad I comed, because I never sor
Enough of anything at wunst before."

—*Margaret Eytinge.*

THE CAKE THAT WAS BURNT.

There was a little cook, and she made a little cake,
She put it in the oven just to bake, bake, bake;
It was full of plums and spice
And of everything that's nice,
And she said, "An hour, I reckon, it will take, take, take!"

And then that little cook went to have a little play,
With a very charming cat across the way, way, way;
She forgot the cake, alack!
It was burnt, well, almost black,
And I wondered what the cook's mamma would say, say say!

The little cook ran off, and confessed her
tale of woe,
For to find her cake a cinder was a blow,
blow, blow!
"Cheer up," her mother said,
As she stroked the golden head.
"For accidents will happen, we all know,
know, know!"
—*Cassell's Little Folks.*

ADAM NEVER WAS A BOY.

Of all the men the world has seen
Since Time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day—
Earth's first and foremost man.
And then I think what fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The wild delights of youthtime, for
He never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
Against a root or stone;
He never with a pin hook fished
Along the brook alone;
He never sought the bumblebee
Among the daisies coy,
Nor felt its business end, because
He never was a boy.

He never hooky played, nor tied
The ever ready pail
Down in the alley all alone
To trusting Fido's tail.
And when he home from swimmin' came
His happiness to cloy
No slipper interfered, because
He never was a boy.

He never cut a kite string, no!
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never ruined his pantaloons
A-playing mumble peg;
He never from the attic stole
A coon hunt to enjoy,
To find the "old man" watching, for
He never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He did not know how much he missed;
He never will, I fear.
And when the scenes of "other days"
My growing mind employ
I think of him—earth's only man
Who never was a boy.
—*T. C. Harbaugh.*

WHEN MOTHER FEEDS THE CHICKENS.

A while before the sun has rose,
'N' father builds the kitchen fire,
Our big black rooster crows 'n' crows,
'Z if his neck would never tire;
'N'en we get up 'n' feed the stock
'N' water Fannie 'n' milk the cows,
'N fix a gate er broken lock;
'N'en after breakfas' father plows
'N' mother feeds the chickens.

The pancakes Wallie wouldn't eat
'N' cornbread left on Marjorie's plate,
A scrap of toast, a bit of meat,
'N' all the stuff what no one ate,
She puts it in that worn-out tin,
Throws out some grain, 'n' pretty
quick
She hollers nearly 's loud 's she kin,
"Come chick! chick! chick! chick!
chick! chick!"—

So—when she feeds the chickens.
You'd ought to see old Top-Knot run,
'N' Banty hop—he's hurt one leg—
'N' Plymouth Rock (the bigges' one—
She lays a 'nomous monstrus egg)—
'N'en Speckle, with her new-hatched
brood,
A-cluckin' to 'em 's hard's she kin,
'N' showin' 'em the nices' food—
She gets it for 'em out the tin,
'N' pecks the other chickens.

Old Gray, our cat, comes snoopin' roun'
'N' slyly peeks from hind the stoop;
'F any meat's there he is boun'
'T shant go to the chicken coop.
Now filled with all an owner's pride,
Wee Willie comes with wondrous eyes,
That look so brown 'n' bright 'n' wide;
He loves to watch 'em, 'n' he cries—
"Des see my baby tickens!"

I love to ride the colt a lot
'N go fer berries to the patch;
I love to see our dog 'n' Spot
Get in a turble scrappin' match;
'N' tho' it's kind o' quiet fun,
I like it nearly best of all;
That's why I allus cut 'n' run
To see 'em 'f I hear the call—
"Come chick! chick! chick! chick chick!
chick! chick!"—
When mother feeds the chickens.
—*Will L. Davis, in Chicago Record.*

LET HIM PERSEVERE.

He had spent long years in college, and
acquired all kinds of knowledge,
From smoking cigarettes to reading
Greek,
And it was said by many that in Hebrew,
Eskimo and Latin
With the accent of a native he could
speak.
He knew every modern science, and for
every new appliance
He was able some new improvement
to suggest;
And from bending on a hawser up to
criticising Chaucer,
Of all the greatest minds he was
abreast.

He was charmed with hydrostatics, and
in higher mathematics
Not a thing to stump him could he
find;
And to prove a line's direction or bisect
a conic section
Was but as relaxation to his mind.

But he saw a little maiden, after all this
store he'dy laid in,
The most inviting problem he had
met,
And he fellt it in his mission to employ
his erudition
To solve this most perplexing question
yet.

So without a bit of shirking he has ever
since been working
On the problem, with an ardor that
ne'er tires;
Yet with all his application, to his great
and deep vexation,
He can not get the answer he desires.

—*J. G. Thacker, in New York Sun.*

BLISS.

He was a little negro
And sat upon a fence,
He hadn't any father
Nor any mother, hence
He was a little orphan
And hadn't any sense.

He thought the earth a circle
But flat as any floor;
Was sure it scarce extended
Beyond the river shore;
And thought the stream the Jordan
Which Israel passed o'er.

He knew the sun at twilight
Just put himself to bed
Underneath a coverlet
Of purple, blue and red;
Except on stormy evenings
When it used black instead.

He b'lieved the stars in heaven
Were blessed angels' eyes
"A-peepin froo de openin's
Ter see who steals de pies"—
At least so said his auntie,
And she was very wise .

And then he thought his conscience,
The throbbing 'neath his ribs
That beat so fast and loudly
Whenever he told fibs,
Which was often, each one prefaced
By "True as eber yer libs!"

And he was sure Elijah
Would come for him some night,
And take him in a chariot,
All glorious with light,
To a sweet and happy country
Where every one was white.

He was a little negro
And sunned him on the fence,
He hadn't any knowledge
Nor any money, hence
He was supremely happy—
Each has his recompense!

—*Independent.*

BABY BROTHER.

Yes, I've got a little brother
Never asked to have him, nuther,
But he's here.
They just went away and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him,
Weren't that queer?
When I heard the news from Molly,
Why I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then manna, course, would let him
Play with me.
But when I had once looked at him,
"'Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that
him?
Just that mite!

They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
He's a sight!
He's so small, it's just amazin,
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.
Why, he isn't worth a brick,
All he does is cry and kick,
He can't stop;
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa don't change him,
At the shop.
Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?
—*Kansas Farmer.*

"QUEER SPELLS."

A gentleman took a long cruise
To cure an attack of the bluise,
He went on a yacht
He lately had bacht,
And now the wide ocean he vuise.
—*Boston Courier.*

—

A youth far out on the ocean,
Grew ill from the ship's rocking mocean.
With a sigh and a crigh,

And a tear in his igh,
Of living he gave up the nocean.
—*Truth.*

—

A small dude bought a seat on the aisle,
And dressed himself up in great staisle;
But when a large hat
Down in front of him sat
Then people all wanted to smaisle.

—

There was a young girl in Eau Claire,
Who was witty, and good, and seau faire;
All the other girls found,
That when she was around,
They were just counted out as neau whaire.
—*Hawkeye.*

A poor little fellow called Vaughan
Was playing one day on the laughan,
When a whirlwind came nigh,
Took him up to the skigh
And none could tell where he had gaughan.
—*Truth.*

—

The shoemaker sharpended his knife,
For he and his wife were at kstrife,
And said, "Now at klast
All bounds you have kpassed!
Say your prayers and bid farewell to klife!"
—*New York Herald.*

—

The bride was led up the broad aisle,
Got up in the most killing staisle,
When asked if she'd be
A true wife to he
She promptly replied: "I should smaisle."
—*Puck.*

—

A timid young man in Macomb
Took a beautiful maid to her homb;
The bulldog was loose
Kind words were no use,
So up the an oak tree he did roamb.

—

An old yellow dog in Cologne
Ran away with an an old woman's bogne;
But the wrathful old crogne
Hit him twice with a stogne,
And 'twas dreadful to hear the dog grogne.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

HER FIRST CAKE.

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air;
The milk and sugar also; and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly and to add a little bit
Of baking powder, which you know, beginners oft omit.
Then she stirred it all together and she baked it full an hour—
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour!
—*E. L. Sylvester.*

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy and Jim and
James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey
J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel, out in the hall,
"Jimmy! Jimmy!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him, she loved
him so.

Grandpa, who was dignified,
And held his head up with an air of
pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most he could of
"J-a-m-e-s."

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands
run
Much faster than if he had said "My
Son."

DELSARTEANISM.

She bendeth low—
She kicketh high;
She swayeth gently to and fro—
She treadeth only on her toe;
And, when I ask the reason why,
The lissome lady doth reply:
"Dear Edmund Russel doeth so."

"And who may Edmund Russell be?"
'Tis thus I catechize her.
She looketh in amaze on me;
She saith, "In truth, I pity thee!"
She cried, "Shame unto thee! Why sir,
The high priest of Delsarte is he—
A type of wan flaccidity—
Our dear devitalizer!"

She fluttereth her wrists
Just like that matchless man;
She battereth her fists;
She doeth wondrous twists,
Though I don't see how she can.
She whirls and spins; insists
She likes it, till vague mists
Swim 'round her and she's wan—
Just like that prince of priests,
The pale Delsartean.

—*Buffalo Courier.*

TOO BAD.

Nothing to do but work;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from being nude.

Nothing to breathe but air—
Quick as a flash 'tis gone—
Nowhere to fall but off
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but bed,
Nothing to weep but tears;
No one to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;
Ah, well, alas and alack!
Nowhere to go but out;
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights;
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through our lives we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait—
Everything moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

SNAKES.

You have heard of "the snake in the
grass," my boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class.
Alas!
'Tis the venemous snake in the glass!

—*J. G. Saxe.*

DISCOVERED.

As snowdrifts melt one may perceive
Much buried history;
Somebody's sad neglect betrayed,
A rake a hoe, a garden spade,
A missing ax, a much sought pail,
A scrubbing brush, a card, "For Sale,"
A wilted doll, its color gone,
That "baby" left out on the lawn,
The kitchen broom, old Bowser's chain;
Ah! yes, the melting drifts explain
The awful mystery
And treasures sadly mourned retrieve.

PERSEVERE.

S'pose the fish don't bite at fust;
What be you goin' to do?
Chuck down your pole, throw out your bait,
An' say your fishin's through?
Uv course you hain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched your basket full,
An' used up all your bait.

S'pose success don't come at fust;
What be you goin' to dew?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
An' go to feelin' blue?
Uv course you hain't; you've got to fish,
An' bait, an' bait ag'in.
Bimeby success will bite your hook,
An' you will pull him in.

—*Houston Post.*

LIFE.

Life's a lesson all must git,
Never was a feller yit
Shirked the task and got along—
Got to study, hard and strong!
'Bout sixteen we think we know
'Nough to last where'er we go;
Then we're sure, at twenty-one,
We know all beneath the sun,
Thirty comes, an' then we feel
We've of wisdom quite a deal,
But at forty we cry, "Darn!
Now, I guess I'll start and l'arn!"
Fifty comes, an' then, behold!
We conclude we're gettin' old,
Look back at the wasted past—
On the years that went so fast—
An' we think, "By gosh, it's queer
I know less from year to year!
If I don't get up an' try,
I'll know nothin' when I die!"
Then we delve, an' work, an' grind,
Study everything we find;
Try to find out why we're here,
Why we're spared from year to year;
Study every single page
Of the book; but, at this age,
Learnin's hard. We sadly sigh.
Then comes seventy. Time to die!
Shut the book of life up tight;
School is over an' it's night,
Then we say, an' feel so small—
"Ain't learned nothin' after all!"

—*Boston Traveler.*

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